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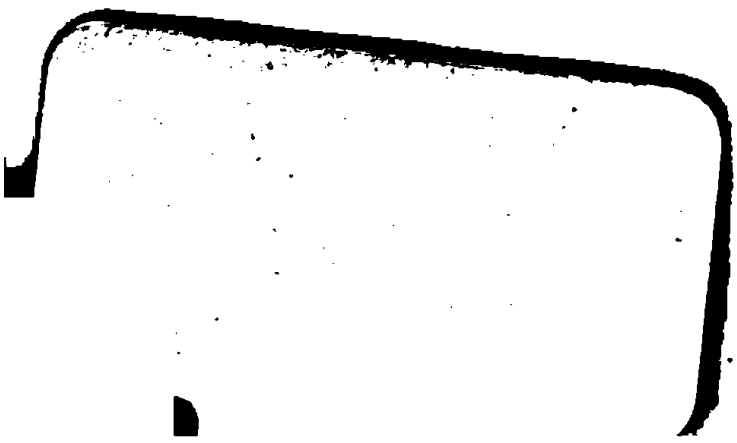

CHRISTIAN MELODIES.

THE SABBATH.

THE GARDEN.

THE CHRISTIAN.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL,

STATIONER'S HALL COURT.

T. Richardson, Derby; Bancks & Co. Manchester;
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1833.

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** *It will be observed by the reader, that the following index has been drawn out to assist in turning to the different pieces relating to* THE SABBATH, THE GARDEN *and* THE CHRISTIAN; *and the initials refer, therefore, to those departments respectively.*

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CHRISTIAN MELODIES.

THE SABBATH.

O day most calm, most bright!
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The week were dark, but for thy light;
Thy torch doth shew the way.

HERBERT.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
THOMAS WARD AND CO.,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
1837.

The Sabbath.

When first at its Creator's will,
This beauteous world from chaos sprung,
Echoing o'er mountain, flood, and hill,
Swiftly the first-born anthem rung.

Bright cherubs watch'd revolving spheres
Burst from the chambers of their rest,
Now sounds salute their list'ning ears,
As worlds break forth in verdure drest.

Those days are past, but nobler songs,
Through endless space each wind conveys,
Seraphs, in bright and countless throngs,
Press on to join the angelic lays.

"Now death and hell are vanquish'd powers
Jesus the Lord has died for sin;"
"Open, ye everlasting doors,
And let the mighty Conqueror in."

The chorus swells, ten thousand strings
Are tuned, the rising God to bless;
"He comes with healing on his wings,
The Sun, the Sun of Righteousness!"

Such themes are theirs—the house of prayer
This day shall echo back their strains,
And mingling vows and praises *there*,
Our notes shall reach those blissful plains.

There told of better worlds than this,
Of joys more peaceful and serene;
Hope points to more enduring bliss,
"Than ear hath heard, or eye hath seen."

So Moses, upon Pisgah's height,
Beheld the wide-spread promis'd land:
So broke on Israel's aching sight,
Fair Elim's palms on desert sand.

More kind to us, one day in seven,
He gives, to sketch our journey through,
Throws back the veil 'twixt earth and heaven,
And makes our Sabbaths Elims too.

For though beyond this mortal scene,
Material eye hath never prest,
Faith still can pierce the world unseen,
And scale the barriers of the blest.

ANON.

SWEET on the sacred Sabbath-day,
That day of calm and holy rest,
From earth's wild cares to soar away,
To think of regions pure and blest;
Far off to wing our spirits' flight,
To sparkling realms of purest light!

How fair and lovely the young scene,
When the first Sabbath sun survey'd,
Untouch'd by sin, the valleys green,
The shelt'ring forest's cooling shade,
Flowers on the crystal streamlet's side,
The mountain's height, the ocean's tide.

When the first sunbeams o'er the skies,
Their glittering, golden mantle fling,
And purple hues, and crimson, rise,
Amidst the light clouds lingering;
They rise with light orient ray,
To hail our Lord's triumphal day.

Ere thus of old they glanced around
The guarded rock-hewn sepulchre,
There came a distant rushing sound
Of angels' wings upon the air:
The soldiers fell, in wild affright,
Before the bright seraphic light.

The messengers of Heaven drew near,
And roll'd the stone back from the grave;
The soldiers gazed, with anxious fear,
Into that dark, that opened cave:
The Lord of Glory, cloth'd in light,
Rose from the realms of death and night.

Then sweet the sacred day which brings
Memorials so rich, so high—
That bears upon its zephyr wings,
The pledge of immortality:—
The hope of glory, bliss, and heaven,—
By Jesus' resurrection given.

ANON.

Anticipation of the Sabbath.

SATURDAY EVENING.

Six days has man in duteous toil employ'd:
His sum assign'd. And now the *eve* appears,
Prelude to sweetest hours of holier rest;
Kind respite in the round of weekly time,
For travell'd dust to call its labourer home,
The partner mind to steal her from the throng
Of loud intruders, charged with worldly schemes,
And strike a partial truce with mortal care:
To cleanse her soils, adjust her decent dress,
And mould her, in composure fit, to wait
In His full court, the universal KING:
The chamber, for the milder presence, fix'd
Of condescending DEITY. So went
Th' obedient Sire, his dear devoted Son
Consorting up the appointed mount of God,
And, inly tended, with exclusion meet,
At distance left below his servile train.

BROWN.

THE week is past! and has it brought
Some beams of sweet and soothing thought?
If it has left some mem'ry dear
Of heav'nly raptures tasted here,
It has not wing'd its flight in vain,
Though it should ne'er return again.

And who would sigh for its return ?
We are but pilgrims, born to mourn ;
And moments, as they onward flow,
Cut short the thread of human wo,
And bring us nearer to the scenes
Where sorrow ends, and heav'n begins.

ANON.

SWEET is the last, the parting ray,
That ushers placid ev'ning in ;
When, with the still, expiring day,
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin :
How grateful to the anxious breast,
The sacred hours of holy rest !

Hush'd is the tumult of the day,
And worldly cares and business cease ;
While soft the vesper breezes play,
To hymn the glad return of peace :
Delightful season ! kindly given
To turn the wand'ring thoughts to Heav'n.

Oft as this peaceful hour shall come,
Lord, raise my thoughts from earthly things,
And bear them to my heav'nly home,
On faith and hope's celestial wings,
Till the last gleam of life decay
In one eternal SABBATH-DAY !

ANON.

ANOTHER week has pass'd away,
With goodness and with mercy crown'd;
Kindness has mark'd each various day—
I still am with the living found.

How many thousands of my race,
Have sunk into an awful grave!
Whilst I behold thy richest grace,
And joyful feel thy power to save.

Not more than others can I claim;
Yet thou hast made my cup run o'er;
Oh! may I at thy glory aim,
And own thy goodness more and more.

And then, with each revolving week,
I shall the glorious prize pursue;
And gain at length the heaven I seek,
And there my grateful theme renew.

J. W. GREEN.

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On th' approaching Sabbath-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

Mercies, multiplied each hour
Through the week, our praise demand;
Guarded by Almighty pow'r,
Fed and guided by his hand:
Though ungrateful we have been,—
Only made returns of sin.

While we pray for pard'ning grace,
  Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Shew thy reconciled face,
  Shine away our sin and shame:
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with thee:

When the morn shall bid us rise,
  May we feel thy presence near!
May thy glory meet our eyes
  When we in thy house appear!
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

May the Gospel's joyful sound
  Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
  Bring relief for all complaints:
Such may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above!

NEWTON.

OH! in an hour so still as this,
From care, and toil, and tumult stealing,
I'll consecrate my time to bliss—
To sweet devotion's holy feeling:
And rise to thee—to thee, whose hand
Unroll'd the golden mass of heaven;
Mantled with beauty all the land;
Gave light to morn, and shade to even.

BOWRING.

The Sabbath Morning.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,
And echo answers softer from the hill,
And softer sings the Linnet from the thorn,
The Sky-lark warbles in a tone less shrill:
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath-morn!
The Rooks float silently, in airy drove;
The Sun a placid yellow lustre throws;
The Gales, that lately sighed along the grove,
Have hushed their downy wings in dread repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move;—
So smil'd the day, when the first morn arose!

LEYDEN.

Hail! sacred day of holy thought,
Sweet Sabbath of serene repose;
Be earth's low pleasures all forgot
In joys the worldling never knows.

The peaceful strains that fill the grove,
Now, with increasing sweetness flow,
In notes of harmony and love,
Like Paradise renew'd below.

And now more pure the dew-drop seems,
And lovelier is the flowret's bloom,
And brighter are the morning's beams,
And richer is its sweet perfume.

Fair emblem of eternal rest!
Where nothing earthly shall control,
Nor sin, nor grief, nor care molest,
Or cloud that Sabbath of the soul.

There *was* a Sabbath once, below,
Brighter than Fancy's loveliest dream;
Free from the canker-worm of wo;
Unsullied as the solar beam.

And such a Sabbath, bright and pure,
In all its beauty shall return,—
In all its glory to endure;—
Who would not greet *that* Sabbath morn!

MISS TUCK.

AH! why should the thought of a world that is dying,
Encumber the pleasure of seasons like these?
Or, why should the Sabbath be sullied with sighing,
While faith the bright things of eternity sees?

Now let us repose from our care and our sorrow,
Let all that is anxious and sad pass away;
The rough cares of life lay aside till to-morrow,
And let us be tranquil and happy to day.

Let us say to the world, should it tempt us to wander,
As Abraham said to his men on the plain—
There's the mountain of prayer, I am going up yonder,
And tarry you here, till I seek you again.

To-day on that mount we would seek for thy blessing,
O Spirit of Holiness, meet with us there;
Our hearts then will feel, thine high influence possessing,
The sweetness of praise and the fervour of prayer.
EDMESTON.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapp'd
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a Sun, which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion mov'd,
Descended, like a pitying God,
To save the souls he lov'd.

The pow'rs of darkness leagued in vain,
To bind his soul in death;
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
With his expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep
The hope of Judah's line;
Corruption never could take hold
On aught so much divine.

And now his conqu'ring chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While, broke, beneath his pow'rful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below,
Through him is pard'ning love dispens'd,
And boundless blessings flow.

And still, for erring, guilty man
A brother's pity flows;
And still his bleeding heart is touch'd
With mem'ry of our woes.

To thee, my Saviour, and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepar'd, like thee to die,
With thee that I may live.

BARBAULD.

WELCOME, returning day of rest,
Welcome to souls by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
Sweet Sabbath-day!

United hymns of prayer and praise,
To Him whose love still guides our ways,
We hasten, at thy dawn, to raise,
Sweet Sabbath-day!

Oh! may we feel that Saviour near,
Whose presence dries the mourner's tear,
And makes thy hallow'd hours more dear,
Sweet Sabbath-day!

May thy delightful season prove
How much we owe a Saviour's love;
And fit us for the joys above,
Sweet Sabbath-day!

ANON.

'Tis past!—the dreary week of toil,
Roll'd on the wheels of time away,
Retires, to bring with pleasing smile
Another happy, holy day.

Sabbath! I love thy coming near,
The thought of thee revives my breast;
Sabbath! 'tis music to mine ear,
A sound that whispers peace and rest.

Away, terrestrial thoughts, away!
I hail the sacred morning's dawn;
My spirit owns devotion's sway,
From earthly joys and cares withdrawn.

I love in Zion's gates to meet
With thy dear saints, O Lord, and thee;
Yes, Sabbath! thou art truly sweet,
Blest emblem of eternity!

ANON.

HAIL! hallowed morn! hail, happy day,
When earthly feelings pass away;
Hail, sacred morning, day of prayer,
When God has promised to be near—
All hail! *The Sabbath*—day of rest;
Our wearied spirits will be blest
With joy, all other joys above;
By *Him* "whom seeing not we love."
In *the Redeemer's* blood we lave;
Where is thy victory, O Grave!
Hail, heavenly Father! gloried Son!
This day Salvation's throne was won;
Hail, Holy Spirit! Mystic Three;
JEHOVAH!—Triune Deity!

ANON.

TEACH me thy love to know,
That this new light, which now I see,
May both the work and workman shew;
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to thee.

HERBERT.

MY soul, with rapture hail the day
That drives thy worldly cares away,
That ushers in a sweet repose
From sensual joys and earthly woes!

The day of days supremely blest,
A Sabbath of delightful rest;
An antepast of joys to come,
In the believer's heavenly home.

Then onward speed my willing feet,
To God's own house, his saints to meet;
With them to offer prayer and praise,
To hear his will and learn his ways.

And when, in course, (time running on,)
The day is past, the Sabbath gone,
O may the *Saviour* long remain
To *guide, to govern, to restrain.*

S. S. PRUST.

DEAR is the hallowed spot to me,
When village bells awake the day;
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud Amen!
Which echoes through the blest abode,
Which swells, and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the rustic harmony,
Sung with the pomp of village art;
That holy, heavenly melody,
The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often prayed,
And still the anxious tear would fall;
But on thy sacred altar laid,
The fire descends, and dries them all.

Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me the Sabbath morn;
The village bells, the shepherd's voice;
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;
Ours be the prophet's car of fire,
That bears us to a Father's arms.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

E'en now to our transported eyes,
Fair Sion's towers in prospect rise,
Within her gates we stand;
And, lost in wonder and delight,
Behold her happy sons unite
In friendship's firmest band.

Hither from Judah's utmost end
The Heav'n-protected tribes ascend;
  Their off'rings hither bring;
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
  And hail th' immortal King.

By his command impell'd, to her
Contending crowds their cause refer;
  While princes from her throne,
With equal doom, th' unerring law
Dispense, who boast their birth to draw
  From Jesse's favour'd Son.

Be peace by each implor'd on thee,
O Salem, while, with bended knee,
  To Jacob's God we pray:
How blest who calls himself thy friend!
Success his labours shall attend,
  And safety guard his way.

O mayst thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
  Nor war's wild wastes deplore;
May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts, with lavish hand,
  Distribute all her store.

Seat of my friends and brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O Salem, fail
  To bless thy lov'd abode!
How cease the zeal that in me glows
Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose
  The mansions of my God!

MERRICK.

Welcome, thou peaceful dawn!
O'er field and wooded lawn
The wonted sound of busy toil is laid.
And, hark! the village bell!
Whose simple tinklings swell,
Sweet as soft music, on the straw-roof'd shed,
And bid the pious cottager prepare
To keep the appointed rest, and seek the house of pray'r.

How goodly 'tis to see
The rustic family
Duly along the church-way path repair;
The mother, trim and plain,
Leading her ruddy train,
The father pacing slow, with modest air.
With honest heart and humble *guise* they come,
To serve Almighty God, and bear his blessing home.

At home they gaily share
Their sweet and simple fare,
And thank the Giver of the festal board!
Around the blazing hearth
They sit in holy mirth,
Or turn with awe the volume of the Lord:
Then full of heav'nly joy retiring pay
Their sacrifice of pray'r to HIM who bless'd the day.

O Sabbath bell, thy voice
Makes hearts like these rejoice;

Not so the child of vanity and pow'r:
He the blest pavement treads
Perchance as custom bids,
Perchance to gaze away a listless hour;
Then crowns the bowl, or scours along the road,
Nor hides his shame from men, nor heeds the eye
of God.

When the seventh morning's gleam
Purpled the lonely stream,
On its green bank of old the Christian bow'd;
The hand, adoring, spread,
And broke the mystic bread;
And, leagu'd in bonds of holy concord, vow'd
From the cleans'd heart to wash each foul offence,
And give his days to peace and saintly innocence.

In vain the Roman lord
Wav'd the relentless sword,
And spread the terrors of the circling flame;
In vain the heathen sought,
If chance some lurking spot
Might mar the lustre of the Christian name;
Th' Eternal Spirit, by his fruits confess'd,
In life secur'd from stain, and steel'd in death the
breast.

O would his influence bless
With faith and holiness
The *laggart* people of our favour'd isle!
But if too deep and wide
Have spread corruption's tide,
O may he deign on me and mine to smile!
So shall we ne'er with due devotion fail
The consecrated day of solemn rest to hail;

So shall we still resort
To Sion's hallow'd court,
And lift the heart to him that dwells above;
Thence, home returning, muse
On sweet and solemn views,
Or fill the void with acts of holy love;
Then lay us down in peace to think we've given
Another precious day to fit our souls for heaven!

BISHOP MANT.

HAIL, day of holy rest!—faint emblem thou
Of heaven's eternal Sabbath!—May the stream
Of thy pure blessings ever richly flow
Within my soul—that, nourished by the beam
Of Gospel-brightness, grace may bud and bloom;
And fruits of righteousness may ripen fair,
To prove the power of godliness is there.
May *hope* be given to cheer my spirit's gloom;
May love its holy warmth within me shed;
And while in prayer I bend the suppliant knee,
May faith's bright pinions towards heaven be spread,
To waft each fervent wish, my God, to thee;
And may my praises to thy throne arise,
Like evening's incense to the twilight skies.

ANON.

The Duties of the Sabbath.

REST.

Sleep—sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
  Of earth and folly born!
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
  From this celestial morn.

To-morrow will be time enough
  To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall not violate this day,—
  The Sabbath of my soul.

ANON.

What says the Prophet? Let that day be blest
With holiness and consecrated rest.
Pastime and business both it should exclude,
And bar the door the moment they intrude:
Nobly distinguish'd above all the six,
By deeds in which the world must never mix.
Hear him again. He calls it a delight,
A day of luxury, observed aright,
When the glad soul is made Heaven's welcome guest,
Sits banqueting, and God provides the feast.

COWPER.

Every thought should be directed
  Heavenward, through this hallow'd day;
Worldly themes should be rejected,
  Themes that draw the soul away:
'Tis the day of sacred rest,
'Tis the day the Lord has blest.

Oh! what glorious themes invite us,
  When we look on Mercy's plan!
These are themes may well delight us,
  Themes of joy to guilty man;
Full of sweetness, full of grace,
Suited to the sinner's case.

Why should we grow weary thinking,
  Of the Saviour's grace and love?
From these springs his people, drinking,
  Get a taste of joys above;
Oh! 'tis good the Lord to know!
'Tis our heaven begun below.

KELLY.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

There's a refuge of peace from the tempests that beat,
  From the dark clouds that threaten, the storm-wind that blows—
A holy, a sweet, and a lovely retreat,
  A spring of refreshment, a place of repose:

'Tis the *House of my God*—'tis the dwelling of prayer—
'Tis the temple, all hallow'd by blessing and praise;
If sorrow and faithfulness conquer me, there
My heart to the throne of his grace I can raise;
There comfort, refreshing, and teaching are found,
The communion of saints, the remembrance of Thee;
There's something of heaven in all that's around,
There's something consoling in all that we see;
There's something that speaks of a future of peace,
For the pilgrim a house and a long-desir'd shore;
Where all that on earth has perplex'd him shall cease,
And anguish and grief shall attack him no more.

EDMESTON.

As one, in days of old, would fly
To some protecting shrine
From dread pursuers threat'ning nigh,
And, panting, there recline—
Lord, to thy dwelling I repair,
And cling around thine altar there!

Or, as the swallow, chased away
From cruel man's abode,
Beneath thy sacred walls will lay
Her cherish'd young, O God!
So there I oft that peace obtain,
Which elsewhere I have sought in vain.

When shelter'd safe, well pleas'd we hear
The waves and tempest roar;
And raging winds, without, endear
The warmth within the more;
Oh, thus I feel, from peril free,
Retired within thy sanctuary.

Or it might seem as if my boat
O'er raging seas had past,
And calmly were allow'd to float
To some bright isle at last,
There to refit the shatter'd sail,
Ere yet again she tempt the gale.

The world's tempestuous ocean dark
Around still foams and swells,
But thou art as the happy ark
Where only safety dwells,
And peace; who skims that troubled sea,
Returns the olive-branch to thee.

Farewell, thou dark and stormy world;
Farewell thy grief and fear;
The port is won, the sails are furl'd,
Ye cannot touch me here!
But welcome, peace and rapture, now,
And, O my Saviour, welcome Thou!

TOWNSEND.

SWEET is the day for worship set apart,
To those who thus assemble! On the smiles
Of LOVE OMNIPOTENT, at once they feast;
And for those smiles with one accord give thanks.

They love the hours that bring that welcome morn,
And joyfully salute the dawning light
That calls them from their rest to seek the Lord.
——————————————— Glory's dawn,
And emblem is this sacred day of rest.
The faint and weary then their strength renew,
And mount to glory as on eagle's wings;
Fresh as the morning's dews, and swift as light,
Their heavenly race, unwearied, they pursue;
And, without fainting, walk in duty's path.
These are the courts Jehovah keeps below,
Where often on his children he bestows
Rich earnest of eternal life to come,
And precious tokens of his present care.
Go, stranger—walk the stately city round!
Mark well her bulwarks, count her lofty towers,
And to the generations yet unborn
Transmit a just account. Her gates are praise:
Her walls are strong salvation, founded deep
On God's immutable decrees of grace,
And raised beyond the flight of creature thought.
Her steadfast bulwarks, with omnipotence
Are girt about; and, with paternal love
Closely cemented is each precious stone
That joins the stately structure to compose.
A river, flowing with eternal grace,
Supplies her blest inhabitants with streams
Of solid peace, which they with gladness drink,
And shout her joys aloud through all her gates.
Her lovely gates, on either side are placed:
For entrance into fellowship the one,
The other for translation to the skies.
All those who enter come with grateful notes,
Adoring, as they pass, the matchless power

That saves them from destruction's op'ning gulf;
And those who leave her courts below, to dwell
For ever in her palaces above,
Oft, as in love's bright chariot they ascend,
Shout to the heavens above and earth beneath,
And tell two worlds at once the bliss they feel?

SWAINE.

PURE is the air, serene the sky,
Around that blest domain,
O'er which, unseen by nature's eye,
Truth holds her peaceful reign.

There, on a vast commanding height,
Her spacious temple stands,
The centre of that glorious light
Which beams on distant lands.

Unknown this mount to souls terrene,
Its steep ascent unbraved;
Truth is an element too keen
For minds by sin depraved.

Pollution's eye in vain may gaze
On Truth's celestial light;
Sin's weaken'd vision shuns the blaze,
That gilds her portals bright.

But those that breathe her genial clime,
Are born of virtue's race,
Nurtur'd to manly deeds, sublime,
And taught by heavenly grace.

Braced by a rectitude of soul,
They reach her blest abode,
Virtue both points them to the goal,
And smoothes the rugged road. ANON.

SIN has stain'd creation o'er,
Changed the scene, (so bright before,)
That the Infinitely blest
Loathes it as a place of rest!

Tender birds, from Orient sky,
'Neath our stormy climate die:
How, then, shall Heaven's highest guest
Make rough earth his place of rest?

Justice, with a breast of war,
Burns 'gainst those who break her law;
Shudder, then, O sinner, lest
Mercy find no place of rest!

Spangled insects of the light
Shun the blacken'd face of night;
So does truth dark arts detest,
Though they seem a place of rest!

Since, then, this terrestrial sod
Abrogates the laws of God,
And contemns the peaceful zest,—
Where shall the Creator rest?

He shall dwell among the few
Who have souls created new:—
In the church, His Spirit blest,—
There shall the Creator rest! ELVINS.

LITANY.

SAVIOUR ! when in dust to thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,—
O, by all thy pains and wo,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of wants and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,—
By the dread permitted hour,
Of th' insulting tempter's pow'r,—
Turn, O turn, a pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany !

By the sacred griefs that wept,
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,—
By the boding tears that flow'd
Over Salem's lov'd abode,—
By the anguish'd sigh that told
Treachery lurk'd within thy fold,—
From thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany !

By thine hour of dire despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,—

By the gloom that veil'd the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

By the deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,—
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen, to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

BRIDGES.

GIVE glory unto God on high!
To Him who arch'd the vaulted sky;
Who mighty Earth's circumference spann'd,
And weigh'd its waters in his hand;
Who form'd the countless orbs that gem
Dark Night's resplendent diadem;
Gave life unto each living thing;
Created man their earthly king;
Then gave his Son for man to die:
Give glory unto God on high!

Give glory to the Son, who came
Cloth'd in our fleshy, mortal frame;
Who bore our sins, vouchsaf'd to give
Himself to die, that we might live;
Who—holy, harmless, undefiled,
Was patient—spurn'd, was dumb—revil'd;

Who, in the agonies of death,
Pour'd for his foes his parting breath;
Was perfect God and man in one:
Give glory to th' Incarnate Son!

Give glory to the Holy Ghost!
Who, on the day of Pentecost,
From heaven to earth in mercy came,
Descending as in tongues of flame;
The promis'd Comforter and Guide,
Through whom the soul is sanctified;
Who still is manifest within,
To prompt to good, convict of sin;—
Ye saints on earth, ye heavenly host,
Give glory to the Holy Ghost!

Join all on earth, in heaven above,
In honour, blessing, glory, love!
Sing praises to the great I AM;
Sing praises to the spotless Lamb;
Sing praises to that Power Divine
Who sanctifies the inner shrine;
That so the Father's glorious name
All creatures hallow'd may proclaim;
And, through the Spirit shed abroad,
Confess that Jesus Christ is Lord!

Though reason gives not finite man
Divine infinitude to scan,
Yet man may his Creator own—
May bow before a Saviour's throne;
The Comforter with awe receive;
Their true Divinity believe;

And while he chaunts the Father's love,
Who sends the Spirit from above
To win dominion for the Son—
With joy confess that GOD IS ONE!

BARTON.

THE Preacher's merit rate not by thine ear,
His phrase, his accent:—
To truth thy reverence pay, and not its dress;
Esteem him for his embassy; the blame
Of miss'd improvement oftenest is our own.
Mere planters are Apollos and a Paul;
Growth is the Spirit's gift, his virtual act
Alone; his vital, germinating dew
Shed in the soul; his influential beam.

BROWN.

THE solemn work is over; hear the priest,
With awful mien and lips of grace, pronounce
The parting benediction. But is all,
All ended here? Is now the vacant time
For trifling visits—for the vain discourse
Of worldly friends? by nearer interests claimed,
The calls, domestic, of intrusted souls.
The soft companion of thy life's vow'd hours,
Where, where is she—thy other dearer self?
Where her lov'd offspring—wedlock's sweetest bonds,
Pledges of mutual faith, of chastest joys?
Invite them round thee by a father's voice;

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

That voice of mildest, soft authority;
Examine, teach, exhort them, warn, reprove:
Their instrument of being, ah! be mov'd,
Be rous'd, be arduous for their highest weal.

BROWN.

ACTS OF BENEVOLENCE.

OUR Sabbath has its work:
Love may yet labour on care's day of rest.
Knows thy friend-pitying heart no pensive saint
Journeying in darkness, whom thy pilgrim voice,
From a large fund of stored experiences,
Gently might cheer? None, grip'd by worldly straits
Whom thy free giving, or, in act next kind,
Thy lending hand as liberal, or at least
Thy pleading interest, might from deadliest want
Timely redeem? No mourner, destitute
In lonely widowhood, wo's most tragic scene!
With her young brood of helpless orphans left,
Watering with tears the fond sad mother's knee?
Have alms been added? Alms should follow prayers,
Their harbingers, as sunshine does the dawn.
Will indigence exempt thee? Art thou poor?
And is thy soul poor too? The meanest wretch
Has somewhat; Pity's godlike charity.
Thou'lt call this counsel moral:—be it so:
'Tis Christian too; built on Belief's sound base,
Its evidence and fruits—"no works, no faith."
A formal, proud, morality may vaunt
Without religion, but religion's self
Ne'er had true life without morality.

BROWN.

FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind.
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfin'd:
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wond'rous love,
Claiming large returns again.

Lord, what off'ring shall we bring.
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye exprest,
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;

Willing hands, to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with lib'ral store.
Teach us, O thou heav'nly King!
Thus to shew our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted off'ring bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

JOHN TAYLOR.

RETIREMENT.

HAIL, Solitude! how sweet thy shade,
For holy contemplation made;
Far from the world, no more I see
That stage of sin and vanity.

REPOSE *of the* HOLY FAMILY

While nations rage, my ravish'd sight
I lift to realms of peace and light:
I hear celestial voices sing
The praise of their immortal King.

Here would I sit, to peace consign'd,
And leave a troubled world behind,
Till angels waft me hence, to rest
In Paradise, among the blest;
With hermits there to taste the bliss,
Who walk'd with God in shades like this.

ANON.

Am I solo?—
Oh no, I feel Him; circumfus'd with God,
I hail Him not unconscious; and that voice
Of one, amidst the coolness of the trees
Walking, which Adam heard so deep, so dread,
I hear it now in spirit, still and small,
Whispering of wisdom, power, and love divine.
So may I ever hear it, midst the crowd,
Or midst the closet, breathing holy awe
Of sin, and zeal of duty, as with God!
Breathing what meek humility unfeign'd,
What bright-eyed faith, what never-failing joy!

GRINFIELD.

O! that in unfetter'd union,
Spirit could with spirit blend;
O! that in unseen communion,
Thought could hold the distant friend!

Who the secret can unravel,
  Of the body's mystic guest?
Who knows how the soul may travel,
  While unconsciously we rest?

While in pleasing thraldom lying,
  Seal'd in slumbers deep it seems,
Far abroad it may be flying.
  What is sleep? and what are dreams?
Earth, how narrow thy dominions,
  And how slow the body's pace!
O! to range on eagle's pinions
  Through illimitable space!

What is thought? In wild succession,
  Whence proceeds the motley train?
What first stamps the vague impression
  On the ever-active brain?
What is thought—and whither tending
  Does the subtile phantom flee?
Does it, like a moon-beam ending,
  Shine, then melt to vacancy?

Has a strange mysterious feeling,
  Something shapeless, undefin'd,
O'er thy lonely musings stealing,
  Ne'er impress'd thy pensive mind—
As if he, whose strong resemblance,
  Fancy in that moment drew,
By coincident remembrance,
  Knew your thoughts, and thought of you?

When at Mercy's footstool bending,
  Thou hast felt a secret glow;
Faith and hope to heav'n ascending,
  Love still lingering below;
Say, has ne'er the thought impress'd thee,
  That thy friend might feel thy pray'r?
Or the wish at least possess'd thee,
  He could then thy feeling share?

Who can tell? the fervent blessing—
  Angels, did you hear it rise?
Do you thus, your love expressing,
  Watch o'er human sympathies?
Do ye some mysterious token
  To the kindred bosom bear;
And to what the heart has spoken,
  Wake a chord responsive there?

Laws, perhaps unknown, but certain,
  Kindred spirits may control;
But what hand can lift the curtain,
  And reveal the awful soul?
Dimly through life's vapours seeing,
  Who but longs for light to break?
O this feverish dream of being!
  When, my friend, shall we awake?

Yes, the hour, the hour is hasting,
  Spirit shall with spirit blend;
Fast mortality is wasting,
  Then the secret all shall end.

Let then thought hold sweet communion,
  Let us breathe the mutual prayer,
Till in heaven's eternal union,
  O, my friend! to meet thee there!

CONDER.

PLACE me where winds and tempests reign,
Where frowning winter binds the plain
  In chains of ice and snow;
Where never summer's tepid breeze
Invigorates the dying trees,
  Or bids the waters flow.

Or place me where the arid soil
Mocks human skill and human toil;
  Where ceaseless thunders roll;
Where not a leaf of verdure grows,
Nor dews descend, nor fountain flows,
  To cheer the fainting soul.

My Saviour's love, my Saviour's smile,
The tedious moments shall beguile,
  And give the desert charms;
What though the clime be wing'd with death?
'Twere heaven to yield this fleeting breath,
  And fly to Jesus' arms.

C. S. WILKS.

THE SCRIPTURES.

THIS book, this holy book, on every line
Marked with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamped,
From first to last, this ray of sacred light,
This lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy brought down, and in the night of time
Stands, casting on the dark her gracious bow,
And evermore beseeching men, with tears
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.

POLLOK.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age—
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise—
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

COWPER.

MEDITATION.

YES, sweet it is on God to think,
His every deed of love recount:
Happy the souls who deeply drink
At meditation's sacred fount.

How cooling is the hallowed spring,
Amid the world, that scorching ray!
Here let my spirit dip its wing,
And with fresh vigour haste away.

No wondrous tale, no idle dream,
Shall be the subject that I'll choose;
I'll think on God, that boundless theme,
And drink in raptures as I muse.

The heavenly plants within me grow,
At every pleasing draught I take;
Long may my soul this fountain know,
And ne'er its precious streams forsake.

A. J. MORRIS.

My heart is easy, and my burden light;
I smile, though sad, when thou art in my sight:
The more my woes in secret I deplore,
I taste thy goodness, and I love thee more.

There, while a solemn stillness reigns around,
Faith, Love, and Hope, within my soul abound;
And, while the world suppose me lost in care,
The joys of angels, unperceived, I share.

Thy creatures wrong thee, O thou sov'reign Good!
Thou art not lov'd because not understood;
This grieves me most, that vain pursuits beguile
Ungrateful men, regardless of thy smile.

Frail beauty and false honour are ador'd,
While thee they scorn, and trifle with thy word;
Pass, unconcern'd a Saviour's sorrows by;
And hunt their ruin with a zeal to die.

MADAME GUION.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword in the hour of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their song rejoice,
And say—"Behold, he prays."

In prayer on earth the saints are one,
In word, in deed, in mind,
When with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Hour of prayer! full well I know it,
  Sweetest hour on earth to me;
Never would my soul forego it
  While there need of prayer shall be.

Hour! in which the dews of heaven
  Gently o'er my spirit fall:
Hour! when all my sins, forgiven,
  Lose their wormwood and their gall.

Like a streamlet from the fountain,
  Like the gale when flowers are near,
Like a breeze upon the mountain,
  Is to me the "hour of prayer."

ANON.

THE HEARER OF PRAYER.

He hears the utterance of desires,
  And he will ever hear,
The mercy, that the *wish* inspires,
  Will not despise the *prayer*.

He loves no sound so well, in earth,
  No sound so well, in Heaven,
As when, to pure desires, a birth,
  With many sighs is given.

Hearer of Prayer! be such to me,
Nor cast this one away,—
Since every prayer is heard by Thee,
O! may I ever pray!

ANON.

LORD! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Shew me what I have to do;
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

NEWTON.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Depth, length, and breath, no creature knows;
Dimly I see thy beauteous light,
And sigh to taste thy sweet repose;
My heart is pain'd nor can it be
At rest, until it rests in thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Oh! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there:
Then shall my heart indeed be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

O wean me from myself, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one fleshly lust survive:
In all things may I nothing see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, which waits thy call divine;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am the living God, and thine,
To feel thine influence, hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all thy choice."

WESLEY.

THE PRAYER-ANSWERING GOD.

I DWELL in a world where there's nothing my own,
Where the lightest event is beyond my control;
But to Him who is ruler—supreme and alone,
I can gladly resign, for he knows the whole.
How pleasant 'mid changes and chances unthought,
On His wisdom and love to disburthen our care,
And to know that the God who disposes our lot,
Is a God that will hear and will answer our prayer.

There are those whom I love, far away from me now,
And roaming through danger by shore and by sea;
And what were my feelings, my Father, if Thou
Wert not what Thou art, both to them and to me!
I cannot command the wild winds to be still;
I cannot compel the dark waves to forbear;
But one is above them who can and who will,
The God who still heareth and answereth prayer.

Ah me! I look round me, and what are the smiles
And the looks that give life all its zest and its soul,
Mortality claims them, and sternly reviles
Affection's vain struggle against her control.
I own it—I feel it—and, humbled and awed,
I still dare to love them, all frail as they are;
For I know we are all in the hands of a God,
Who pities our weakness, and answers our prayer.

Then here be my resting place—here will I sit,
Secure 'mid the shiftings of time and event,
For fate has no power but what He may permit,
And the hand that must take is the same that hath lent.
On His wisdom and goodness I calmly rely,
Whate'er He assigns He can aid me to bear;
He knows what is good for me better than I,
And I trust will still hear me and answer my prayer.

ANON.

SELF-DEDICATION TO GOD.

SINCE first thy word awak'd my heart,
  Like new life drawing o'er me,
Where'er I turn mine eyes thou art,
  All light and love, before me.
Nought else I feel, or hear, or see—
  All bonds of earth I sever—
Thee, O God! and only thee,
  I live for, now and ever.

Like him whose fetters dropp'd away
  When light shone o'er his prison,
My spirit, touch'd by Mercy's ray,
  Hath from her chains arisen.
And shall a soul thou bidd'st be free,
  Return to bondage?—Never!
Thee, O God! and only thee,
  I live for, now and ever.

MOORE.

'TIS done! the great transaction's done:
  I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
  Charm'd to obey the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart,
  Fix'd on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
  When call'd on angels' bread to feast?

High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

DODDRIDGE.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

PEOPLE of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found;
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns—a fugitive unblest;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
O receive me to your rest.

Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

Tell me not of gain and loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power;
Welcome poverty, and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour!

"Follow me!"—I know thy voice,
Jesus, Lord! thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light thy burthen now to me.

J. MONTGOMERY.

OUR earthly ties are weak,
Whereon we dare not rest:
For time dissolves, and death will break,
The sweetest and the best.
Yet there's a tie that must remain,
Which time and death assault in vain.

The kindred links of life are bright,
Yet not so bright as those
In which Christ's favour'd friends unite,
And each on each repose.
Where all the hearts in union cling
To Him, the centre and the spring.

The friends of Jesus, join'd to think,
With one desire and aim,
A chain, wherein link answers link,
A heav'nly kindred claim.
And oh! how sweet, wherein each mind
A throb to echo theirs they find!

Though lovely many an earthly flow'r,
Its beauty fades and flies;
But they, unchanging, form a bow'r
To bloom in Paradise.
Sprung from the true immortal vine,
In Him they live, and round him twine.

Their bond is not an earthly love,
By nature's fondness nurs'd ;
As they love him who reigns above,
Because He lov'd them first,
So they all minor ties disown,
The sweetest—for his sake alone.

ANON.

THERE is a family on earth,
Whose Father fills a throne ;
But, though a seed of heav'nly birth,
To men they're little known.

Whene'er they meet the public eye,
They feel the public scorn ;
For men their fairest claims deny,
And count them basely born.

But 'tis the King who reigns above,
Who claims them for his own ;
The favour'd objects of his love,
And destin'd to a throne.

The honours that belong to them,
By *men* are set at nought :
Whatever shines not *they* contemn ;
Unworthy of a thought !

But ah! how little they reflect!
For mark the unerring word!
"That which with men has most respect,
Is odious to the Lord."

Were honours evident to sense,
Their portion here below,
The world would do them reverence,
And all their claims allow.

But, when the King himself was here,
His claims were set at nought:
Would *they* another lot prefer?
Rejected be the thought!

No! they will tread while here below,
The path their Master trod;
Content all honour to forego,
But that which comes from God.

And when the King again appears,
He'll vindicate his claim:
Eternal honour shall be theirs;
Their foes be fill'd with shame.

KELLY.

O, is there so pleasant a sight,
Without the bright city above,
As Christians, whose spirits unite
In bonds of communion and love?

How charming the moments they spend!
Such pleasures the world never know;
How sweetly their sympathies blend!
And hearts with enjoyment o'erflow.

United together, may we
In the grace of eternity shine;
Not angels more happy can be,
With love as our centre divine,
O Spirit celestial! descend,
Spread o'er us the wings of the dove,
Till pleasures like these never end,
In the glorified regions of love!

I. COBBIN.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;
O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphans' wo?

While yet his anguished soul survey'd
Those pangs he would not flee;
What love his latest words displayed,—
"Meet, and remember me!"

THE LAST SUPPER.

Remember Thee, thy death, thy shame,
Our worthless hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But His, recorded there!

NOEL.

WITH blood—but not his own—the awful sign
At once of sin's desert and guilt's remission,
The Jew besought the clemency divine,
The hope of mercy blending with contrition.
Sin must have death! Its holy requisition
The law may not relax. The opening tomb
Expects its prey; mere respite, life's condition;
Nor can the body shun its penal doom.
Yet, there is mercy; wherefore else delay
To punish? Why the victim and the rite?
But can the type and symbol take away
The guilt, and for a broken law requite?
The cross unfolds the mystery.—Jesus died:
The sinner lives: the Law is satisfied.

With blood—but not his own—the Jew drew near
The mercy-seat, and Heaven received his prayer.
Yet still his hope was dimmed by doubt and fear:
"If thou shouldst mark transgression who might dare
To stand before Thee?" Mercy loves to spare
And pardon: but stern Justice has a voice,
And cries—Our God is holy, nor can bear
Uncleanness in the people of his choice.
But now One Offering, ne'er to be renewed,
Hath made our peace for ever. This now gives

Free access to the Throne of Heavenly Grace.
No more base fear and dark disquietude.
He who was slain—the Accepted Victim!—lives,
And intercedes before the Father's face.

CONDER.

THINE is Redemption!
Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime;
Redemption! 'twas the labour of the skies;
Far more than labour—it was death in heav'n.
A truth so strange, 'twere bold to think it true,
If not far bolder still to disbelieve.
Here pause and wonder. Was there death in heaven!
What then on earth? On earth, which struck the blow?
Who struck it? Who?

YOUNG.

PHILOSOPHERS have measured mountains,
Fathom'd the depths of seas, of states, and kings;
Walk'd with a staff to heaven, and traced fountains;
But there are two vast spacious things,
The which to measure it doth more behove,
Yet few there are that sound them—Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair
Unto Mount Olivet: there shall I see
A man so wrung with pains, that all his hair,
His skin, his garments, bloody be.
Sin is that press and vice which forceth pain
To hunt his cruel food through every vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay
  And taste that juice which, on the cross, a pike
Did set abroach; then let him say
  If ever he did taste the like.
Love is that liquor, sweet and most divine,
Which my God feels as blood, but I as wine.

HERBERT.

Hymn Chanted in the Russian Churches during the Procession of the Cup.

SEE the glorious cherubim
  Thronging round the Eternal's throne;
Hark! they sing their holy hymn,
  To the unknown Three in One.
"All supporting Deity—
Living Spirit—praise to Thee!"

Rest, ye worldly tumults, rest!
  Here let all be peace and joy:
Grief no more shall rend our breast,
  Tears no more shall dew our eye.

Heaven-directed spirits rise
To the Temple of the skies,
Join the ranks of angels bright,
Near the Eternal's dazzling light.

Hallelujah.

Sabbath Evening.

Welcome the hour of sweet repose,
The evening of the Sabbath-day!
In peace my wearied eyes shall close
When I have tuned my vesper lay
In humble gratitude to Him
Who waked the morning's earliest beam.

In such an hour as this, how sweet,
In the calm solitude of even,
To hold with Heaven communion meet,
Meet for a spirit bound to heaven;
And, in this wilderness beneath,
Pure zephyrs from above to breathe!

It may be that the Eternal Mind
Bends sometimes from his throne of bliss;
Where should we then his presence find,
But in an hour so blest as this—
An hour of calm tranquillity,
Silent, as if to welcome thee?

Yes! if the Great Invisible,
Descending from his seat divine,
May deign upon this earth to dwell—
Where shall he find a welcoming shrine,
But in the breast of man, who bears
His image, and his Spirit shares?

Now let the solemn thought pervade
My soul,—and let my heart prepare
A throne :—Come, veil'd in awful shade,
Spirit of God ! that I may dare
Hail thee !—nor, like thy prophet, be
Blinded by thy bright majesty.

Then turn my wand'ring thoughts within,
To hold communion, Lord ! with thee ;
And, purified from taint of sin
And earth's pollutions, let me see
Thine image,—for a moment prove,
If not thy majesty, thy love—

That love which over all is shed—
Shed on the worthless as the just ;
Lighting the stars above our head,
And waking beauty out of dust ;
And rolling in its glorious way
Beyond the farthest comet's ray.

To Him alike the living stream
And the dull regions of the grave :
All watch'd, protected all, by Him,
Whose eye can see, whose arm can save,
In the cold midnight's dangerous gloom,
Or the dark prison of the tomb.

Thither we hasten—as the sand
Drops in the hour-glass, never still,
So, gather'd in by Death's rude hand,
The storehouse of the grave we fill ;
And sleep in peace, as safely kept
As when on earth we smiled or wept.

What is our duty here?—To tend
From good to better—thence to best:
Grateful to drink life's cup,—then bend,
Unmurmuring, to our bed of rest;
To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
Scattering their fragrance as we go.

And so to live, that when the sun
Of our existence sinks in night,
Memorials sweet of mercies done
May 'shrine our name in Memory's light;
And the blest seeds we scatter'd, bloom
A hundred fold in days to come.

BOWRING.

THIS time, how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below:
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow!

Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels thy sweet calm, and melts in love:
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heav'n above.

EDMESTON.

Is there a time when moments flow
More peacefully than all beside?
It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer's tide.

Oh! then the setting sun smiles fair;
And all below and all above,
The diff'rent forms of nature, wear
One universal garb of love.

And then the peace that Jesus beams,
The life of grace, the death of sin,
With nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.

Delightful scene! a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief, no fear,
A heav'nly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear!

If heav'n be ever felt below,
A scene so heav'nly, sure, as this,
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

Delightful hour! how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign!
And soon the morn's returning light
Will call us to the world again!

Yet will there dawn, at last, a day;
A sun, that never sets, shall rise;
Night will not veil his glorious ray:—
The heav'nly Sabbath never dies.

EDMESTON.

Millions within thy courts have met,
Millions this day before thee bow'd ;
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Vows with their lips to thee they vow'd :—

But thou, soul-searching God ! hast known
The hearts of all that bent the knee,
And hast accepted those alone,
In spirit and truth that worshipp'd thee.

People of many a tribe and tongue,
Men of strange colours, climates, lands,
Have heard thy truth, thy glory sung,
And offer'd pray'r, with holy hands.

Still, as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, and deep,
Thy far-spread family awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

From east to west, the sun survey'd,
From north to south, adoring throngs :
And still where evening stretch'd her shade,
The stars came forth to hear their songs.

Harmonious as the winds and seas,
In halcyon-hours, when storms are flown,
Rose on earth's Babel-languages,
In pure accordance, to thy throne.

Not angel-trumpets sound more clear ;
Not elders' harps, nor seraph's lays,
Yield music sweeter to thine ear
Than humble pray'r and thankful praise.

And not a pray'r, a tear, a sigh,
Hath fail'd to-day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble thou wert nigh,
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.

Thy poor were bountifully fed,
Thy chasten'd sons have kiss'd the rod;
Thy mourners have been comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

Yet one pray'r more;—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord!
Fulfil thy promise to thy Son,
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord.

His throne and sovereignty advance;
For his soul's travel let him see
The heathen his inheritance,
And earth's last bound his portion be.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE SILENT SABBATH.

A SILENT Sabbath! most emphatic name!
I never felt its force so much before:
While us'd by others, I esteem'd it tame,
And wonder'd how a Christian should deplore
One silent Sabbath, if there were no more
Appointed to him in a single year;
One from the number seem'd too slight a sore
To be bewailed by either sigh or tear;
But now I feel it, 'tis indeed severe.

Thrown from its course, like an arrested stream,
Searching for outlets in a circuit wide,
My mind expatiates from theme to theme,
But rolls to none in one *collected* tide;
Its strength still weaken'ng as its waves divide,
It only spreads to sparkle, or expend
In flashing vapour, like the Falls of Clyde,
Where floods which fall a CATARACT ascend
In clouds of foam, unfixed to shape or end.

Rainbows may glitter on the empty spray,
And range their halos of prismatic light;
But, fleeting as fantastic, they decay
Often by day, and utterly by night:
Thus undecided thought, by devious flight,
Chameleon-like, may vary in its hues;
Sometimes be lovely; but the tinge as slight
As morning sunbeams upon melting dews:
The colours vanish while the gazer views.

While my mind's channel was *the sacred bed*,
Whereon "the Sanctuary's waters" flow,
Thought roll'd collected of itself, or sped
Rejoicing onward underneath the glow
Of ministerial stars: content to owe
For light and guidance to the men of God.
And well I might! to hear *them*, is to know
All that can be *known* on "the narrow road,"
And all that should be shunn'd upon "the broad."

SABBATH EVENING.

Left to myself—like a bewilder'd lamb,
Though lost on mountains of luxuriant green,
Bleating amid the bloom, it calls its dam,
And feels as lonely in the lovely scene
As if it wander'd in a dark ravine,
Or roam'd a wilderness of barren sand:—
Mount Zion shines not with its usual sheen;
Nor breathe its flowers so delicately bland,
As when presented by a PASTOR'S hand.

Habit is much in the pursuit of truth,
And I have sought it in "the house of God"—
Sought it as eagles, "to renew their youth,"
Select the Rock of their unfledg'd abode;
And perching there, as when they gaz'd abroad,
For the first time, on the effulgent sun,
Moult till their wings dismantled of the load
Of wither'd plumage, impotent, and dun,
They break away as when their flight begun.

Born and bred up on Zion's hallow'd mount,
I love the eyries of my early days,
And deem it *nearer* to the sacred fount
Of light divine, and *more* within its rays,
Than any spot on which its glories blaze:
For *there*, "with healing in their wings," they
shone
Warm on my soul, before I knew the ways,
Where meteor-error flashes and is gone—
Like fitful splendours in the frigid zone.

There, like the Prophet's servant, I beheld
" Horses and chariots" of immortal fire,
In which the martyrs of the church had scal'd
To loftier thrones than the seraphic choir,
And louder hymns: I felt my soul aspire
To join their chorus, and to share their crown;
And found I *might*, *without* the martyr's pyre,
Since *all* who wore it humbly " cast it down,"
To sing of *Jesus' blood*, and not their own.

There, with a shepherd of the kindest heart,
That ever beat within a human breast,
(His art was nature, and his nature art,)
In pasture's green, I laid me down to rest,
Or rose to follow, with increasing zest,
His gentle footsteps by the genial rills;
Pleas'd to observe, that, blessing, he was blest,
While leading us on " everlasting hills,"
Where faith forgets her fears, and life its ills.

There, midst a flock diversified, but calm,
I cropt the verdure of eternal spring;
Breathing with them an element of balm,
Wafted for ever from the waving wing
Of the Celestial Dove! who loves to bring
The sweetest odours to the simplest fold.
No serpent lurk'd insidious, to sting;
No " root of bitterness," nor pride of gold,
Made brethren distant, or disputers bold.

DR. RAFFLES.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

The cheerful supper done, with serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big Ha'-Bible, once his father's pride.
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs', worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin's beats the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
No unison have they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abraham was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or, how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or, Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;
Or, rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;
Or, other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he who lone, in Patmos banished,
Saw in the Sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then, kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, nor shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display, to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous train, the sacerdotal stole;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

BURNS.

Oh ! it is lovely ! saints delight to dwell
  Amidst a scene so fraught with holy love,
Those tender accents of affection tell,
  How deep the feeling kindling from above,
Which sends the father's soul into his eyes,
Longing to lead his offspring through the skies.

'Tis Sabbath's twilight eve, whose soothing rest,
  Seems to shut out the world's distracting power,
Calm as a summer lake, the father's breast
  Reflects its sweetness o'er the evening hour,
And as his lips the sacred word repeat,
His infant prattlers gather round his feet.

What soft confiding smiles they turn on him,
  Whilst all subdued is childhood's joyous tones ;
And whisp'ring words of converse pass between
  The Christian parent and his little ones ;
The theme on which he dwells, redeeming love,
And holy feelings through the circle move.

Oh ! he has been with Jesus, and his soul
  Beams forth, in ev'ry meek, yet anxious look,
And learning still, in the Redeemer's school,
  He feeds his lambs from God's most holy book ;
And as he turns its sacred pages o'er,
Points their young hearts to joys that die no more.

The book is closed, the servant call'd, and now
  In momentary silence all prepare,
Before the mercy-seat of Heav'n to bow,
  In the meek attitude of solemn prayer;
Angels look on, and Jesus intercedes,
While the fond father for his children pleads.

His holy fervours in devotion rise,
  While there in faith, he brings his earthly friends,
And in his supplications to the skies,
  His glowing praises, with his prayers ascends;
Than incense sweeter is his sacrifice,
To Him who human hearts and motives tries.

'Tis o'er, but e'er they seek repose once more,
  As they are wont, around his feet they kneel,
And with one voice their Maker's help implore,
  While their melodious accents o'er me steal,
Soft strains of music swelling on the air,
Bear some resemblance to their infant prayer.

They rise, and lip to lip is fondly press'd,
  The father's blessing to each prattler given,
E'er they retire to their accustom'd rest,
  Where they repose, so richly bless'd of Heav'n.
Thrice happy children! early thus to be,
Training for bliss and immortality.

And must these tender ties be sunder'd wide?
  And must the grave divide each human heart?
And those who loved to travel side by side,
  Be called at last, to speak the words, We part!
The sceptic says, "We part, to meet no more;"
But Christian hope points to a heavenly shore.

I would not be a sceptic, thus to toss
  On the uncertain sea of unbelief;
No! let me count all earthly things but loss,
  Nor think of parting as a cause of grief;
While faith securely fastens on the word,
Of earth and heaven's Almighty King and Lord.

For when the infidel shall find no place,
To rest his weary troubled soul upon,
The Christian family shall, face to face,
Behold each other near the eternal throne;
And each affection cleans'd from earthly stain,
Centre in Christ, the Lord for sinners slain.

ANON.

How calm is the scene,
How sweetly serene,
The close of this privileged day:
What foretaste of heaven,
To those have been given
Whose purest delight was to pray?

The fool's silly mirth,
Has nothing of worth;
'Tis empty, 'tis senseless, 'tis dull:
Believers aspire
To joys which are higher,
To joys which are lasting and full.

A taste of such joy,
Should urge us to cry,
"Oh, that I had wings like a dove:
Then would I not stay,
Nor longer delay,
But haste to the regions of love."

ANON.

The Millennial Sabbath.

Muse! take the harp of prophecy: behold!
The glories of a brighter age unfold!
Father of Mercies! speed the promised hour;
Thy kingdom come with all-restoring power;
Peace, virtue, knowledge, spread from pole to pole,
As round the world the ocean-waters roll!
Hope waits the morning of celestial light;
Time plumes his wings for everlasting flight;
Unchanging seasons have their march begun;
Millennial years are hastening to the Sun;
Seen through thick clouds, by Faith's transpiercing eyes,
The New Creation shines in purer skies.
All hail!—the age of crime and suffering ends,
The reign of righteousness from heaven descends;
Vengeance for ever sheaths the afflicting sword;
Death is destroy'd, and Paradise restored:
Man, rising from the ruins of his fall,
Is one with God, and God is All in All.

Montgomery.

And thou, Religion, though through fire and flood,
By saints upheld, and seal'd with holiest blood,
From clime to clime thy glorious light expands,
And chases darkness from rejoicing lands:
Sin's rod is broken; Superstition, long
The only mistress of Earth's erring throng,

Wraps round her mantle, and in wild affright
Flies shrieking downward to congenial night;
No more beneath her knife the victim reels;
No more bedews with blood her chariot wheels;
No more, torn reckless from the light of day,
Pines in the hopeless grave a living prey;
But light all pure, ineffably serene,
Illumes mankind, and brightens every scene;
At the same altar, tribes by every sea
In sacred adoration bend the knee.
Far in the wilds of Afric's torrid zone,
Mid burning sands, where verdure is unknown,
At vesper hour, when all around is mute,
Save sullen sound of camel's wearied foot,
Kneels, by the scanty well, the Arab dun,
And, in the broad light of the setting sun,
Pours out, all glowing as the cloudless west,
The fears, the hopes, the wishes of his breast,
And lifts, in holy dread, his mortal eye
To him, his God, who bled on Calvary!

While, lo! the voice of psalms, the tones of praise,
Hard by the icy pole, believers raise.
Though Day upon the waste and wildering scene
Shuts up, and howl afar the billows green,
And the sad night of desolation drear
Glooms o'er their world, and saddens half the year,
Beneath impending storms, and circling snows,
No chilling doubts the fur-clad shiverer knows;
With Faith's unfaltering eye he looks abroad,
Through the wild storm, to mark the works of God;
Behold the traces of his power afar
In the blue sky, and each revolving star;

Trusts with a hope that softens, yet sublimes,
For happier seasons, and serener climes,
And knows that He, who form'd this rolling ball,
Is still the Lord, and shall be Judge, of all!

Oh happy time, when crimeless all shall be,
And in the spirit's sunshine walking free,
No more by vice degraded and deprest!
No thought but peace awaking in the breast;
Earth, calm'd to beauty, shall again resume
Primeval bliss, and Eden's forests bloom,
Bright as when Adam, with a holy kiss,
Embraced his chosen in the bowers of bliss!
Love o'er the world shall spread his halcyon sway
The weak shall own it, and the wise obey;
The summit of the hills shall murmur love,
And echo catch the sound in glen and grove;
Creatures that, far from human face exiled,
Prowl'd the dim forest or unpeopled wild, [bland,
Shall leave their dwellings, and, with meekness
Crouch at the feet of man, or lick his hand;
And Nature, all his errors past forgiven,
Proclaim him Lord, and own the loved of Heaven?
From shore to shore, from isle to isle around,
Shall spread of holy peace the welcome sound;
Far on the deep, where nought but wave and sky
Extends, and scarce is heard the sea-bird's cry,
The streamer'd flags of far-spread realms shall meet,
And hail each other in communion sweet;
Brothers in heart, all jealous fears subdued,
Love's sever'd links harmoniously renew'd,
The South shall hail the North, and East with West
Embracing, own one feeling, and be blest!

MOIR.

YES, Salem! thou shalt rise: thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound his chastening hand has made;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.
Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring:
Break forth ye mountains, and ye valleys sing!
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;
The sultry sand shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
E'en now, perhaps, wide waving o'er the land,
The mighty Angel lifts his golden wand;
Courts the bright vision of descending power,
Tells every gate, and measures every tower;
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destined reign.
  And who is He, the vast, the awful form,
Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm?
A western cloud around his limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun his head:
To highest heaven he lifts his kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land;
And hark! his voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice—that Time shall be no more!
  Lo! cherub-hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo! thrones are set, and every saint is there;
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway;
The mountains worship, and the isles obey:
Nor sun nor moon they need—nor day nor night;
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light.
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home?

On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm with life again.
Hark! white-robed crowds their deep hosannas raise,
And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise;
Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong:
"Worthy the Lamb! omnipotent to save,
Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave!"

HEBER.

BUT who shall see the glorious day
When, thron'd on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend the veil away
Which blinds the nations now?
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wip'd from every eye?

Then Judah! thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendour shall return,
And all be new again.
The fount of life shall then be quaff'd
In peace by all who come;
And ev'ry wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

MOORE.

The Heavenly Sabbath.

Types of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss,
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week;
The next world's gladness imaged forth in this;
Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can speak!

Eternity in Time—the steps by which
We climb to future ages—lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,
Yielding redemption for a week's dull flight.

Wakeners of prayer in man—his resting bowers
As on he journeys in the narrow way,
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fix'd by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts, and purify our powers;
Periods appointed to renew our trust;
A gleam of glory after six days' showers!

A milky way mark'd out through skies else drear,
By radient suns that warm as well as shine;
A clue, which he who follows knows no fear,
Though briers and thorns around his pathway twine.

Foretastes of heaven on earth; pledges of joy
Surpassing fancy flights and fiction's story;
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory!

BARTON.

"COME, brethren, come! with glad accord,
Haste to the dwelling of the Lord!"
But if on earth, so calm, so blest
The house of prayer, the day of rest;
If to the spirit, when it faints,
So sweet th' assembly of the saints;
Here let us pitch our tent (we say),
For Lord with thee 'tis good to stay;
Yet from the mount we soon descend,
Too soon these earthly Sabbaths end;
Cares of a work-day world return,
And faint our hearts, and fitful, burn.
Oh think, my soul! beyond compare,
Think what a Sabbath must be there,
Where all is holy bliss, that knows
Nor imperfection, nor a close;
Where that innumerable throng
Of saints and angels mingle song;
Where wrought with hands no temples rise,
For God himself their place supplies;
Nor priests are needed in th' abode
Where the whole hosts are priests to God:
Think what a Sabbath *there* shall be,
The Sabbath of Eternity!

GRINFIELD.

AND He who cried to Lazarus *Come forth!*
Will, when the Sabbath of the tomb is past,
Call forth the dead, and reunite the dust
(Transform'd and purified) to angel-souls.
Ecstatic hope! belief, conviction firm!
How grateful 'tis to recollect the time
When hope arose to faith! Faintly at first
The heavenly voice is heard; then, by degrees,
Its music sounds perpetual in the heart.

GRAHAME.

How cheering the thought, that the spirits in bliss
Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this;
Will leave the sweet songs of the mansion above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!

They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some poor wanderer home;
Some pilgrim to snatch from this stormy abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

CUNNINGHAM.

To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone:
O bear me, ye cherubim! up,
And waft me away to his throne.

My Saviour, whom, absent, I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power!

433162B

Dissolve thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline—

O then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd!
I shall meet him, whom, absent, I loved,
I shall see whom, unseen, I adored.

And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose.

Or, if yet remember'd above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise;
They will be but new signs of thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.

Thus the strokes which from sin and from pain
Shall set me eternally free,
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, my Saviour! to thee.

COWPER.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

CHRISTIAN MELODIES.

THE GARDEN.

The bower of innocence and bliss,
Sin caused to disappear;
Repent, and walk in faith and love
You'll find an Eden here!

NEALER.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL,

STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

1833.

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Published by J. Ward Paternoster Row London

The Garden.

"*To look through Nature up to Nature's God.*"

Not only in thy temple, LORD,
Which human hands have made,
I meditate thy sacred word,
Or view thy love displayed.

Here, where a nobler dome expands,
Far, far above my head,
A canopy unmade by hands,
Which thou alone hast spread;

I gaze—I wonder—I adore,
While nature flings abroad
Her every charm—her every store,
As emblems of her God.

In every flower that round me blows,
His beauty I can trace;
In each cool stream that near me flows,
His sweet refreshing grace.

The Flowers.

There the rose unveils
Her breast of beauty, and each delicate bud
O' the season comes in turn to bloom and perish.
But first of all the violet, with an eye
Blue as the midnight heavens, the frail snowdrop,
Born of the breath of Winter, and on his brow
Fix'd like a pale and solitary star:
The languid hyacinth, and wild primrose,
And daisy trodden down like modesty:
The fox-glove, in whose drooping bells the bee
Makes her sweet music; the narcissus [named
From him who died for love,) the tangled woodbine,
Lilacs, and flowering lines, and scented thorns,
And some from whom the voluptuous winds of June
Catch their perfumings

CORNWALL.

Published by T. Ward Paternoster Row. London.

Who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast
Amidst his gay creation, hues like hers?
And can he mix them with that matchless skill,
And lay them on so delicately fine,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal, fail beneath the pleasing task,
Ah! what can language do?

THOMSON.

The flowers of Spring are beautiful,
And well their sight may cast
Before our visions, fresh and full,
The memory of the past.
The spirit alters, ne'er again
Will life restore the hours
Of innocence, when, free from pain,
Our day was like the flowers.

MOIR.

THE ROSE.

What beauty adorns the sweet rose,
Bedew'd with the tears of the morn;
But doom'd are its charms soon to close—
Its place to be fill'd by the thorn.

Thus man's transient life glides away,
And swiftly youth's pleasures are fled;
A very few years bring decay,
Then o'er his cold ashes we tread.

ANON.

The Rose, the sweetly, blooming Rose,
Ere from the tree it's torn,
Is like the charms which Beauty shews,
In Life's exulting morn!

But oh! how soon its sweets are gone,
How soon it withering lies,
So when the Eve of Life comes on,
Sweet Beauty fades and dies:

Then since the fairest form that's made,
Soon withering we shall find,
Let us possess what ne'er will fade,—
The beauties of the *Mind!*

HON. C. J. FOX.

How fair is the rose! What a beautiful flower!
The glory of April and May;
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast
Above all the flowers of the field,
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth, and the beauty of man,
Though they bloom, and look gay, like a rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth and my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty,
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

DR. WATTS.

THE ROSE-BUD.

At dawn, upon its slender stem
An op'ning rose-bud bloom'd,
And, deck'd with many a dewy gem,
The passing breeze perfum'd.

I sought it at the noontide hour,
Its gentle head reclined,
And 'neath the sun's meridian pow'r,
I saw it fast declined.

And ere retiring to his rest,
He streaks the western sky;
The flow'r his early beams caress'd,
In scatter'd fragments lie.

"Ah, man! behold in this," I sigh'd,
"An emblem of thy doom;
Nor Nature's simple truths deride,
That point thee to the tomb.

"From yonder shreds, that, scatter'd round,
In wild disorder lie;
Methinks proceeds a solemn sound—
"O man, prepare to die!"

"Nor boast of sublunary bliss,
The pride of rank or birth,
Since all your grandeur ends in this—
A few short feet of earth.

"And, Christian, why indulge the tear?
Now give reflection scope,
And all your sorrows disappear,
Before the rays of hope.

"Tho' born, like us, to droop and die,
How different is our lot;
We withering fade from every eye,
Unpitied—soon forgot.

" While you, released from earthly toil,
In worlds beyond the tomb
(Transplanted to a happier soil),
Through endless years shall bloom."

ANON.

THE MOSS ROSE.

The angel of the flowers one day,
Beneath a rose tree sleeping lay;
That spirit, to whose charge is given
To bathe young buds in dew from heaven,
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose,
" Oh! fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all is fair,
For the sweet shade thou'st given to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
" Then," said the rose with deepened glow,
" On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paus'd in silent thought,
What grace was there that flower had not!
'Twas but a moment, o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And, robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE FADED ROSE.

I do remember in a lovely spot,
(Whose very beauty might be well forgot,)
There was a rose, of nature's choicest growth,
Such as the night-bird seeks, and makes her bower
The breeze would sigh around it, as t'were loth
To bear the perfume from so sweet a flower:
The dew of heaven lov'd it, and the ray
Of evening linger'd for its latest smile;
One would have deem'd that it could not decay,
So lov'd, so sweetly nurtur'd, but the guile
Of autumn night-winds stole its bloom away.
It died, and morning found a dewy gem,
Hung as in mockery on the wither'd stem.

And there was one, a lovely, lovely one,
Who faded like that rose; the worm of grief,
Of soul-hid sorrow that was told to none,
Of every bitterness that mock'd relief,
Prey'd on that lovely flower, and leaf by leaf
It fell to nothingness.
Some thought she strove
With that unslumbering serpent, blighted rose.

REUBEN.

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.*

When nature hides her lovely face
  Beneath a snowy veil,
And, clasp'd in Winter's cold embrace,
  Her changing beauties fail:

There is a wild and simple flower
  Unfolds its partial bloom,
To cheer the solitary hour,
  And cheat it of its gloom.

A little monitor, design'd
  By providence divine,
To beam instruction on the mind
  That wanders near its shrine.

From earth's maternal bosom brought,
  A gem to genius given,
To guide the current of his thought,
  And point his eye to heaven.

* This beautiful plant grows wild on the Appenine and other mountains, preferring such as are rocky. If the weather be mild it will flower in our gardens, in the open border, in December and January; unfolding its delicate blossoms among the earliest heralds of the Spring.

And knowledge, unalloyed as this,
From wisdom's self acquir'd,
Shall rival all the dubious bliss,
By meaner thoughts inspir'd.

ANON.

The Winter rose is fair to view,
But it hath not the rose's hue;
Nor doth its balmy odours rise
Like incense, offer'd to the skies;
For it doth breathe a chilling air,
And grows by artificial care.

And are there not, who grace profess,
But they have not its loveliness?
They wear the form, but are the rose
Which round no grateful fragrance throws;
And though they may deceive our eyes
They blossom but in wintry skies.

COBBIN.

Thou smil'st amidst December's cold,
Meek rose of pale and modest hue.
In thee what beauties we behold!
What charms like thine delight the view?
No July flowers such sweets disclose
As thine, thou lovely Winter Rose.

When in the desert springs arise,
Such as parch'd travellers desire,
And like what gladden'd Hagar's eyes,
Fearing to see her son expire.
The stream so unexpected flows,
It pleases, like the Winter Rose.

Away the strength of youth is past,
The blooming cheeks of beauty fade;
Snapp'd by affliction's sudden blast,
Or by the frost of age decayed.
Nature, on these, no charm bestows,
That rivals thine, my Winter Rose.

But cheerfulness, when youth is fled,
With wrinkles, sometimes, will reside;
Sometimes will crown the rev'rend head
Where a few hoary hairs abide.
Such cheerfulness a beauty shows
That equals thine, my Winter Rose.

And when, amid affliction's storm,
Meek Patience sits with head reclin'd;
The graces of her fancied form
Are most attractive to the mind.
As the storm rages still she grows
More lovely, like the Winter Rose.

When, in temptation's sharpest hour,
The virtues of the mind remain
Unshaken by the tempter's power,
And all their vigour still retain.
He who the worth of virtue knows,
Compares it to the Winter Rose.

When in the gloomy vale of death,
The Christian smiles and fears no ill,
When cheerful he resigns his breath,
Obedient to his Saviour's will;
While Death's rough tempest round him blows
Thee he surpasses, Winter Rose.

ANON.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

In Sharon's fields where flocks are seen,
And pastures grow in living green,
With heavenly form perennial blows,
Th' immortal efficaciόus Rose.

Beauty unrivall'd it assumes;
As fragrance all the air perfumes,
When this our drooping souls inhale,
Vigour, delight, and health prevail.

The Rose of Sharon bears no thorns,
And Zion's garden well adorns;
And heaven itself no fragrance knows
But such as Jesus Christ bestows.

No bosom is so highly grac'd,
As that in which this Rose is plac'd;
And without Jesus in my arms,
E'en Paradise would have no charms.

May but this heav'nly Rose be mine,
I'll part with all the flowers of time;
And through eternity I'll crave
No other boon, if Christ I have.

IRONS.

VARIATIONS OF THE ROSE.

An Allegory.

Well pleas'd to see the roses bloom,
The muse demanded why
Should some the *lily-white* assume,
And some the *crimson* dye.

The cause was sought, but no essays
An answer could afford,
Till fancy, wrapt in ancient days,
The hidden cause explor'd.

Near where the tree of knowledge grew,
In Eden's hallowed ground,
A bed of roses struck the view,
And fenc'd the tree around.

Large sweets diffusing through the vale,
The milkwhite beauties spread
Their virgin bosoms to the gale,
Nor yet assum'd the red.

While Adam strung the manly nerve,
To dress and keep the ground;
His bride, well pleas'd her lord to serve,
Would range the garden round.

To cull the fruit, and tend the flow'rs,
And mark their early bloom;
With smiling roses strew'd her bow'rs,
Which breath'd a rich perfume.

This fav'rite spot, her nurs'ry made,
New beauties daily rise;
Her morning visits here she paid,
To gather fresh supplies.

One morn (a fatal morn it was)
She paid her usual suit,
But, ah! from hence destruction rose,
She coveted the fruit.

Urg'd on by Satan's false pretence,
(The chief and first of foes,)
She dar'd to break the feeble fence,
And trampled on the rose.

Unaw'd she stretch'd the impious hand,
Th' alluring sweets to prove;
Regardless of her Lord's command,
And heedless of his love.

The injur'd rose beheld the theft,
And wounded hung its head;
The *snowy-white* its bosom left,
And blushing chang'd to *red*.

Its foliage wept a dewy show'r,
Which spoke some strange event:
Eve turn'd and saw the bleeding flow'r,
And marvell'd what it meant.

Awhile she stood and gaz'd thereon,
Till trembling she withdrew;
Unconscious she had trampled on
" The fairest plant that grew."

Here fancy paus'd :—and truth began
The wonder to disclose;
A nobler form than flow'r or man
Lies couch'd beneath the rose.

This only, trodden to the ground,
Dishonour'd, blush'd, a red;
'Twas "*Sharon's rose*" that felt the wound,
'Twas "*Sharon's rose*" that bled.

The atrocious deed no sooner done,
But *Christ* the victim stood;
In spotless white his Godhead shone,
His manhood bath'd in blood.*

And hence the roses now unite
T' exhibit him that bled;
This means the justifying *white*,
And that th' atoning *red*.

The muse these graces sought to prove,
And brighter beauties eyed:
Till lost in wonder, praise, and love,
She kiss'd* the rose,—and died.

O may my soul these blessings share,
"In the decisive hour;"
And ever in thy bosom wear
This sweet, this lovely flower.

ANON.

* Psalm li. 12.

THE DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet, the early rising sun
Has not attain'd its noon.
Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even song;
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or any thing.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

HERRICK.

THE CARNATION.

As I view'd from my window a varied assemblage
Of sweet-scented Flora's most beautiful hues,
Ere the sun's scorching power had tarnished their graces,
While yet richly spangled with crystalline dews.

A lovely Carnation I quickly discover'd,
That scarce to the light her full beauties display'd,
By some cruel hand from the parent 'twas sever'd,
And prone on the path a poor outcast was laid.

To its delicate texture the dew-drops were clinging,
As though its misfortunes found vent through her leaves;
And while tears of distress seem'd incessantly springing,
Methought she address'd me in accents like these:

"Oh! pity a wretch to your mercy appealing,
Ah! spurn not a heart that with sorrow o'erflows,
If your's be a breast that is not void of feeling,
Raise my head from the dust, nor be deaf to my woes."

I resolved to afford it the aid it seem'd asking,
Yet contemplative linger'd (oh! fatal delay!)
For, alas! ere I reach'd it some foot had been passing,
And, crush'd in the dust, all her sweets fled away.

But can there no lesson be learnt from this flower?
Cries it not in our ears, "To do good never wait?
Relieve the afflicted while 'tis in thy power,
A few moments hence is for ever too late."

ANON.

This flower, by Flora's hand array'd,
See, what a lovely dress it wears!
But soon alas! its colours fade,
And ev'ry beauty disappears.

Pass but a few short hours, and all
Those charms our ravish'd eyes behold,
Shall into dusty atoms fall,
And blend and mix with common mould.

Then know this useful truth, my fair,
This moral learn from what you see;
Such as the flower is now, you are,
Such, as 'tis ten days hence, you'll be.

DR. RUSSELL.

THE GENTIANELLA.

In Leaf.

Green as thou art, obscurely green,
Meanest of plants among the mean!
From the dust *I* took my birth;
Thou too art a child of earth.
I aspire not to be great;
Scorn not thou my low estate:
Wait the time, and thou shalt see
Honour crown humility;
Beauty set her seal on me.

In Flower.

Blue thou art intensely blue!
Flower, whence came thy dazzling hue?
When I opened first mine eye,
Upward glancing to the sky,
Straightway from the firmament.
Was the sapphire brilliance sent;
Brighter glory wouldst *thou* share?
Look to heaven and seek it there
In the act of faith and prayer.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE MARYGOLD.

When with a serious musing I behold
The grateful and obsequious Marygold;
How duly, every morning, she displays
Her open breast when Phœbus spreads his rays;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending tow'rds him her small slender stalk;
How, when he down declines, she droops and mourns,
Bedew'd, as 'twere with tears, till he returns;
And how she veils her flowers when he is gone,
As if she scorned to be looked upon
By an inferior eye; or did contemn
To wait upon a meaner light than him:
When this I meditate, methinks, the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours,
And give us fair examples, to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow.
But, O my God! though grovelling I appear
Upon the ground and have a rooting here,
Which hales me downward, yet in my desire
To that which is above me I aspire;
And all my best affections I profess
To him that is the Sun of Righteousness.

Oh! keep the morning of his incarnation,
The burning noontide of his bitter passion,
The night of his descending, and the height
Of his ascension,—ever in my sight;
That, imitating him in what I may,
I never follow an inferior way.

WITHER.

THE VIOLET.

Sweet flower! Spring's earliest, loveliest gem!
While the flowers are idly sleeping,
Thou rear'st thy purple diadem;
Meekly from thy seclusion peeping.

Thou, from thy little secret mound,
Where diamond dew-drops shine above thee,
Scatterest thy modest fragrance round;
And well may nature's poet love thee!

Thine is a short, swift reign I know—
But here,—thy spirit still pervading—
New violets' tufts again shall blow,
Then fade away—as thou art fading.

And be renew'd; the hope how blest,
(O may that hope desert me never!)
Like thee to sleep on nature's breast,
And wake again, and bloom for ever!

BOWRING.

The setting sun with burnish'd gold
Arrays the western skies,
And slowly homeward o'er the wild
The weary peasant hies.

The violet's fragrance fills the air,
Delightful to the sense:
Many more gaudy are and rare,
But few such sweets dispense.

This sweet perfumer of the gale
I sought intensely round,
And only in the loneliest dale
The bashful flow'ret found.

Thus real worth retires, afraid
To quit its native bow'r!
Modest and humble, loves the shade,
Like this sweet-scented flow'r.

O! may I then true worth possess,—
Deserve a Christian's name,
And live where God delights to bless,
Unemulous of fame.

ANON.

THE LILY.

How withered, perished, seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit!

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds;
Nor sees within the dark embrace,
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The Lily wraps her silent vest,
Till vernal suns, and vernal gales,
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap,
The undelighting slighted thing;
There in the cold earth, buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring!

Oh! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still, in undisturbed repose,
Uninjured lies the future birth.

And ignorance, with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view;
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet tear of hope; delicious tear!
The sun, the shower indeed shall come;
The promised verdant shoot appear,
And nature bid her blossoms bloom!

And thou, O virgin queen of spring!
Shalt from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed.

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals silvery light,
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So faith shall seek the lowly dust,
Where humble sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes entrust,
And watch with patient cheerful eye;

And bear the cold long wint'ry night,
And bear her own degraded doom,
And wait till heaven's reviving light,
Eternal spring, shall burst the gloom.

MRS. H. TIGHE.

Emblem of him, in whom no stain
The eye of heaven could see—
In all their glory monarchs vain
Are not arrayed like thee.

NEALER.

THE SIMPLER'S JOY.

Where hast thou been, thou pretty flower,
That ne'er before I found thee?
For whom has nature deck'd thee thus,
And cast such charms around thee?

Not for the proud:—they will not heed
A thing so mean as thou;—
For them the eastern lily blooms
The reeds of India blow.

Not for the gay:—with roses fair
Their brilliant brows are dress'd;—
'Tis not for thee to twine their wreath,
Or blossom on their breast.

Not for the thoughtless:—they will brush
Thy leaf without a care—
Perhaps will tread thee to the earth,
Nor heed that thou art there.

Thou grow'st for them who seek thee far
With keen and anxious eye—
Thou art for hands that know thee well,
The little "Simpler's Joy."

Doubtless some secret virtue lies
Beneath thy pale blue flower—
Some soft assuaging balm is thine,
To solace and to cure.

So, for the lowly and the sad,
The sufferer and the poor,
There erst in Sharon's valley grew
A fair forgotten flower;

The proud, the happy chose it not—
The careless pass'd it by—
It grew unheeded of the blest,
To be the lost one's joy.

It grew for those who bend their way,
With heavy steps and slow,
In search of something to assuage
Their own or other's woe.

Sweet Rose of Sharon! Why so far
Stray'd my lost steps around thee?
Where didst thou hide thyself so long,
That I so late have found thee?

ANON.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Fond mem'ry's flower of azure dye,
Permit thy bard one boon to crave,
When in death's narrow bed I lie,
Oh! bloom upon my humble grave.

And if some tender faithful friend
Should—led by love, approach the spot,
And o'er thy flower admiring bend,
Then say for me, "Forget-me-not."

ANON.

FORGET-ME-NOT; Forget-me-not!
Thou utterest, Lord, from earth and skies,
In glittering glory rainbow dyes;
And every breeze that sheds a balm,
On morning's joy, or evening's calm,
In open glade or lonely spot,
Maintains a tongue to tell thy power,
And whisper in thy name each hour—
Forget-me-not—Forget-me-not!

Forget-me-not—Forget-me-not!
Thou say'st through fragrance, beauty, bloom,
Charming the heart in this deep gloom;

The Sun's bright ray, the starry gleam,
And the mild moonlight's tender beam,
On many a wave, in many a grot,
And all the sights and sounds that pour,
Rapture that bids the heart adore,
Cry out for thee—Forget-me-not!

Forget-me-not—Forget-me-not!
The record of thy will doth say.
Revealing thee in glory's ray,
On Sinai's mount, with justice crown'd,
Throwing thy awful thunders round;
But most when pitying the hard lot
Of man, thy Son rejoiced to die
Upon the mount of Calvary,
Thou said'st in love,—Forget-me-not!

Merciful God—Forget-us-not
When sinking through the weight of woe;
But round us the remembrance throw
Of every comfort long imparted
Unto the wronged and broken-hearted;
And deign, oh, deign to give us what
No earthly power can e'er invade
And darkest hours can never shade—
Thy light and peace—Forget-us-not!

Forget-us-not—Forget-us-not!
In that dread hour when tyrant death
Shall gripe this form and stop its breath.
Oh! in each struggling throe that clay
Feels when the soul is wrenched away,
And it is left for earth to rot;
Look down in mercy, Lord, be nigh,
To curb the dying agony,
We are but dust—Forget-us-not!

W. MARTIN.

THE HYACINTHS.

The subject would my heart rejoice,
Could I succeed from Nature's voice,
Instruction to deduce;
Nature her silent force to bre ak,
By things inanimate to speak.
Attempts my lowly muse.

Two Hyacinths a friend has sent;
We thank him for thc compliment,
Our gratitude is due;
The small return, we're pleased to find,
That thankfulness, the grateful mind
At least may strive to show.

To nourish them with proper care,
Water and glasses we prepare,
And strict attention give;
Watch the procedure of each root,
Curious to mark which first will shoot,
Anxious to see them thrive.

Of *one* we judged the progress slow,
Downward alone it seem'd to grow;
We fear'd our care was vain.
Quickly its stalk the *other* spread,
And lovely flow'rets ting'd with red,
Our eyes did entertain.

But soon views opposite prevail,
Down drops the flow'r the beauties fail,
And wither'd all this pride:
Meantime the first advanc'd to sight,
Slowly but sure; in snowy *white*
Its blossoms fair divide.

Emblem how apt of human things,
Which to my thought remembrance brings,
(The like full oft I've seen,)
Momus with tinsel'd pomp array'd,
With views high sounding mock parade,
Big words and lordly mien.

The phantom our first notice caught;
We look'd again, and lo! 'twas not,
Its dazzle gone—expir'd.
Swift dies the flame that's misapplied;
And half-taught nations too, when tried,
Will cease to be admir'd.

Christian! thy humble lot be mine,
Deep-rooted in the truth divine,
Truth's influence to prove.
Thence may my virtues cherish'd be,
And ripen'd to maturity,
Meet for the world above.

DR. JENKINS.

HEART'S EASE.

I used to love thee, simple flower,
To love thee dearly when a boy;
For thou didst seem in childhood's hour,
The smiling type of childhood's joy.

But now thou only mark'st my grief
By waking thoughts of pleasures fled:
Give me—give me the wither'd leaf,
That falls on Autumn's bosom—dead.

For that ne'er tells of what has been,
But warns me what I soon shall be;
It looks not back to pleasure's scene,
But forward to futurity.

I love thee not—thou simple flower,
For thou art gay and I am lone—
Thy beauty died with childhood's hour—
The heart's ease from thy path is gone.

ANON.

THE HELIOTROPE.

Through all the changes of the day,
I turn me to the sun,
In clear or cloudy skies, I say
Alike—*thy will be done.*

NEALER.

THE PASSION FLOWER.

All beauteous flower! whose centre glows
With studs of gold; thence streaming flows
Ray-like effulgence; next is seen
A rich expanse of varying hue,
Enfring'd with an empurpl'd blue,
And streak'd with young Pomona's green.

High o'er the pointal, deck'd with gold,
Emblemn mysterious to behold!
A radiant cross its form expands;
Its opening arms appear t' embrace
The whole collective human race,
Refuge of all men, in all lands.

FLOWERS OF ALL HUES.

THE SNOWDROP.

I've oft admir'd the lonely flower
That 'midst the wintry snows,
When other flow'rets bloom no more,
Its silvery bosom shows.

I've thought it represented hope,
Which, with support replete,
Pours in the bitterest earthly cup,
A more than earthly sweet.

Yet let affliction force the tear,
The world our bosoms sting;
Hope, like the snowdrop, still shall cheer,
And point to coming Spring.

PAGE.

THE SNOW-DROP AND THE ROSE.

Though pure the snow-drop's virgin hue
That sips the evening's crystal dew,
I deem its beauties less than those,
Which wanton in the blushing rose.
And if I copied from a flower,
My model should possess the power,
Of pressing sweetly on my heart,
That I and *fragrance* should not part.
For though the snow-drop rear its head
'Neath wint'ry skies, from humble bed,
And charms us by its spotless white,
Its power can only bless the sight;
No scent exhales, and when the wind
Sweeps off the bud, to death consign'd,
We mourn small loss, for no perfume,
E'er join'd to sweeten its pure bloom.
But the more lovely fragrant rose,
(Though transient too) in *honour* grows,
Lives the gay pride of the parterre,
Shines above taller flow'rets there,
And when its beauteous colours fade,
Still od'rous, scents the leafy shade.
E'en so that life (though innocent,
Yet failing of its great intent,

Failing where wisdom would infer,
It's happiness to follow her,
Wanting that grace which God bestows,
Yet amiable as nature shews)
Will like the snow-drop fade away!
And like it fall unwept away!
Ah! then the lovely rose be mine
To imitate through pow'r divine!
If among thorns my destin'd lot,
Still fragrant, may I bless the spot;
And if a sister plant grow near,
Yield for *her* use the scent I bear.
While the whole praise from either shine,
Shall echo loud to love divine.
Ev'n so ye heav'nly dews distil,
That this frail shrub its cups may fill;
Ev'n so celestial breezes blow,
That rosy waste may *useful* grow.

ANON.

THE PRIMROSE.

Mark how delicately fair
That primrose of the vale;
It blooms without our toil or care,
And tells a wond'rous tale.

Could chance alone such tints combine,
Produce so sweet a flower?
No, nothing but the hand divine
Possesses such a power.

Soon as the wint'ry storms have fled,
And beauteous Spring is seen,
This lovely flow'ret shews its head
To deck the verdant green.

But, when the Summer's sun supplies
Gay flowers of richer hues,
This humble beauty droops and dies,
Till Spring again renews.

Thus, when the appointed morn shall come,
Will the redeem'd arise;
In the new Eden's deathless bloom,
Sweet flow'rs of Paradise!

ANON.

I saw it in my evening walk,
A little lonely flower;
Under a hollow bank it grew,
Deep in a mossy bower.

An oak's gnarled root to roof the cave,
With gothic fretwork sprung,
Whence jewelled fern, and arum leaves,
And ivy garlands hung.

And close beneath came sparkling out,
From an old tree's fall'n shell,
A little rill, that clipt about
The lady in her cell.

And there, methought, with bashful pride,
She seemed to sit and look,
On her own maiden loveliness,
Paie imaged in the brook.

No other flower, no rival grew
Beside my pensive maid;
She dwelt alone, a cloistered nun
In solitude and shade.

No sunbeam on that fairy pool.
Darted its dazzling light;
Only, methought, some clear, cold star
Might tremble there at night.

No ruffling wind could reach her there,
No eye, methought, but mine;
Or the young lambs that came to drink,
Had spied her secret shrine

And there was pleasantness to me
In such belief—cold eyes
That slight dear Nature's loveliness,
Profane her mysteries.

Long time I looked and lingered there,
Absorbed in still delight;
My spirit drank deep quietness,
In with that quiet sight.

MRS. HEMANS.

When time's dark winter shall be o'er,
His storms and tempests laid,
Like me you'll rise, a fragrant flow'r,
But not, like me, to fade.

NEALER.

THE EARLY PRIMROSE.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee when young spring first question'd winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity, in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

KIRKE WHITE.

THE WITHERED PRIMROSE.

The primrose is pinch'd by the cold,
And hangs down its innocent head;
Its leaves let me gently unfold:
Ah me! the sweet primrose is dead!

'Tis thus, cruel world, I have found
Thy tempests of passion and pride
Spread terror and havoc around,
While innocence languish'd and died!

ANON.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

Fair flower, that shun'st the glare ofday,
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
To evening's hues of solar grey
Thy cup of paly gold;—

Be thine the offering owing long
To thee and to this pensive hour,
Of one brief tributary song,
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch at silent eve,
Thy scatter'd blossoms' lovely light.
And have my inmost heart receive
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark
Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill,
And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,
The garden's glory still.

For such 'tis sweet to think the while,
When cares and grief the breast invade,
In friendship's animating smile
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale cup
Glist'ning amid the dewy tears,
And bears the sinking spirit up
Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,
If meek religion's eye may trace,
Even by thy glimm'ring earth-born star,
The holier hope of grace.

The hope—that as thy beauteous bloom
Expands to glad the close of day,

So through the shadows of the tomb
May break forth Mercy's ray.

BARTON.

THE COWSLIP.

Once more, thou flower of childish fame,
Thou meet'st the April wind;
The self-same flower, the very same
As those I used to find.
Thy peeps, tipt round with ruddy streak,
Again attract mine eye—
As they were those I used to seek
Full twenty summers by.

But I'm no more a kin to thee,—
A partner of the spring;
For time has had a hand with me,
And left an alter'd thing:—
A thing that's lost thy golden hours,
And all I witness'd then;
Mix'd in a desart, lost to flowers,
Among the ways of men.

Thy blooming pleasures, smiling, gay,
The seasons still renew;—
But mine were doomed a stinted stay,
And they were short and few.

The every hour that hurried by,
To eke the passing day,
Lent restless pleasure wings to fly
Till all were flown away.

Blest flower, with spring thy joys begun,
And no false hopes are thine;
One constant cheer of shower and sun
Makes all thy stay divine.
But life's May-morning quickly fled,
And dull its noon came on,—
And happiness is past and dead
Ere half that noon is gone.

Ah! smile and bloom, thou lovely thing,
Though May's sweet days are few;
Still coming years thy flowers shall bring,
And bid them bloom anew.
But life that bears no kin to them,
Past pleasures well may mourn;
No bud clings to its withering stem,
No hope for spring's return.

CLARE.

THE DAISY.

Little flower with starry brow,
Slumb'ring in thy bed of snow;

Or with lightly tinged ray,
Winter gone and storms away,
Peeping from thy couch of green
With modest head and simple mien;
How I love to see thee lie
In thy low serenity,
Basking in the gladsome beam;
Or, beside some murmuring stream
Gently bowing from thy rest,
Greet the water's silver breast.
Or, mid fissure of the rock
Hidden from the tempest's shock,
Vié with snowy lily's bell.—
Queen and fairy of the dell.
Thee nor wind nor storm can tear
From thy lonely mountain lair;
Nor the sleety, sweeping rain,
Root thee from thy native plain.
Winter's cold nor summer's heat,
Blights thee in thy snug retreat;
Chill'd by snow or scorch'd by flame,
Thou for ever art the same.
Type of truth, and emblem fair
Of virtue struggling through despair,
Close may sorrows hem it round,
Troubles bend it to the ground,
Yet the soul within is calm,
Dreads no anguish, fears no harm;

Conscious that the hand which tries
All its latent energies,
Can with more than equal power,
Bear it through temptation's hour;
Still the conflict, soothe its sighs,
And plant it 'neath congenial skies.

FLETCHER.

Bright flower, whose home is every where,
A pilgrim bold in nature's care,
And all the long year through, the heir
Of joy or sorrow;
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see,
The forest through.

Is it that man is soon deprest?
A thoughtless thing, who once unblest.
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason.
And thou would'st teach him how to find,
A shelter under every wind;
A hope for times that are unkind,
And every season?

Thou wanderest the wide world about,
Unchecked by pride, or scrupulous doubt,

With friends to greet thee, or without,
  Yet pleased and willing;
Meek! yielding to the occasion's call,
And all things suffering from all
Thy functions apostolical,
  In peace fulfilling.

WORDSWORTH.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arch'd the skies,
And pours the day spring's living flood,
Wond'rous alike in all he tries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cups, its wiry stem;
Its fringed border nicely spin;
And cut the gold-embossed gem
That, set in silver gleams within?—

And fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see,
In every step, the stamp of God.

DR. M. J. GOOD.

TO A DAISY,

Found in Bloom on Christmas Eve.

Modest little Stranger, say,
Why was this thy natal-day?
What could make thee raise thy head
From thy cold December bed?
Was it that like the orient star,
That led the Magi from afar,
Thou didst seek to tell his birth,
Who made thee and thy mother earth—
That while the angel choirs of Heaven
Proclaim the Saviour, God has given,
Thou too wouldst raise thy humble voice,
To prove that all things do rejoice,
In his errand to restore,
The blessings earth possess'd of yore?

Thou dost not answer my behest—
Well—seek again thy silent rest,
Beneath the tempest-driven snow,
For thou hast by the modest show
Of thy star-like tiny gem,
Led my thoughts to Bethlehem,
And he who does to Jesus lead,
May be said to live indeed!

ANON.

THE DAISY IN INDIA.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
My mother-country's white and red;
In rose or lily, till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread:
Transplanted from thine island-bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange as the spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
Whose tribes beneath our natal skies
Shut close their leaves while vapours lower;
But when the Sun's gay beams arise,
With unabash'd but modest eyes
Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
To this resplendant hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant-offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year:
Thou, only thou art *little* here,
Like worth unfriended or unknown,
Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English Fower!
Of early scenes beloved by me,

While happy in my father's bower,
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be:
The fairy sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee
Are mine in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
I'll rear thee with a trembling hand:
O for the April sun and shower,
The sweet May-dews of that fair land,
Where Daisies, thick as star-light stand
In every walk!—that here might shoot
Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
A hundred from one root!

Thrice welcome, little English Flower!
To me the pledge of Hope unseen:
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower
For joys that *were* or *might have been*,
I'll call to mind, how—fresh and green,
I saw thee waking from the dust,
Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
And place in God my trust.

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE NIGHT-SCENTED CLEMATIS.

At high noontide I sought the bower,
And marking yon luxuriant flower,

Which wreathes its circling roots so high,
And forms so rich a canopy,
I doubted not so fair a bloom
Would yield most exquisite perfume,
But quickly found, approaching nigh,
The charm was only for the eye.

At eve again that bower I sought,
Fit scene for still and solemn thought,
Which the sun sinking in the west,
May well awake in mortal breast;
But wonder o'er such thoughts prevail'd,
When with the cool breeze I inhal'd,
A sweet and balmy odour, shed
By those same blossoms o'er my head,
Which had so lately boasted none,
Bright glowing in the western sun.

As on my sense that odour stole,
Thus, thought I, fares it with the soul,
Which whilst the sun of gladness shone,
Saw fair religion's form alone;
And no pure essence from the view,
No life-inspiring spirit drew,
But in dark sorrow's shaded hour,
Tastes all its sweetness, feels it power,
And blesses those brief clouds of night
Which melt away in endless light.

MARRIOTT.

THE BEE-FLOWER.

Come, let us leave this painted plain,
This waste of flowers that palls the eye;
The walks of Nature's wilder reign
Shall please in plainer majesty.

Nor lifeless here the lovely scene;
The little labourer of the hive,
From flower to flower, from green to green,
Murmurs, and makes the wild alive.

See on that flow'ret's velvet breast,
How close the busy vagrant lies!
His thin-wrought plume, his downy breast,
Th' ambrosial gold that swells his thighs.

Regardless, whilst we wander near,
Thrifty of time, his task he plies;
Or sees he no intruder near,
And rests in sleep his weary eyes?

Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
His limbs;—we'll set the captive free.
I sought the living Bee to find,
And found the picture of a Bee.

Attentive to our trifling selves,
From thence we plan the rule of all;
Thus Nature with the fabled elves
We rank, and these her *sports* we call.

Be far, my friends, from you, from me,
Th' unhallow'd term, the thought profane,
That *Life's majestic source* may be
In idle Fancy's trifling vein.

Remember still, 'tis Nature's plan,
Religion in your love to find;
And know, for this, she first in man
Inspir'd the imitative mind.

As conscious that affection grows,
Pleas'd with the pencil's mimic power;
That power with leading hand she shows,
And paints a Bee upon a flower.

LANGHORNE.

WILD FLOWERS.

Amid the tangled brake the woodbine creeps,
Its tendrils round the thorn, the hare bell throws;
Through tufted grass the blue-eyed violet peeps,
And on the wild briar blooms the pensive rose.

Lovely e'en here, though with neglected mien,
Among the thicket's crowded guests they stand,
Where noxious weeds, and useless saplings green,
With bolder port th' uncultur'd soil command.

The form confin'd, the pale and languid hue,
The odours lost, implore the gardener's care:
The glowing red, the sweet cerulean blue,
The matchless fragrance, all are wanting there.

So, on the mental soil, untrain'd and wild,
Or cultur'd with a rash unskilful hand,
Where the sweet flowers of genius should have smil'd,
Dark ignorance and fatal error stand.

Quick rising in the rank unwholesome ground,
They choke the plants for nobler use design'd,
With tangling boughs the opening bud surround,
Or coiling close, the shooting branches bind.

Yet, as the hedge-row boasts the blooming rose,
Though small its form, and faint its colours shine;
So truth and feeling oft their powers disclose,
Though with less brilliant hues, and fragrance less divine.

Oh, had the gardener's art its aid supplied,
With matchless grace the beauteous flowers had shone!
Had sacred wisdom been the mental guide,
The baneful weeds of folly had not grown.

Come, kind Instruction, let thy patient hand,
The noxious and the useless plants remove;

For thorns, let trees of stately science stand,
And cultur'd flowers the smiling scene improve.

No longer wild, but trained with curious art;
Then shall they all in fair proportion grow,
Their sweetness to the passing gales impart,
And ev'ry perfect form with brightest colours glow.

ANON.

THE DECAY OF FLOWERS.

Die, blooming Flowers! as if ye ne'er had been;
Die, and relinquish this empurpled scene:
Die, and in due succession, in your stead,
Others shall bloom, and equal fragrance shed:
Like you, bereav'd of every living grace,
Like you, in every clime, the human race
Shall perish in succession.—"No!" I hear
Reason announce, in accent soft and clear,
Tun'd to the warbling of those heav'nly strings
With whose sweet strain the sapphire region rings
When holy Faith, in pity to mankind,
Reveals the triumphs of th' immortal mind;
I hear, with mingled music from on high,
Reason announce, "Although they seem to die,
Not like the blossoms of the woody glade,
Shall the bright flowers of human-nature fade;

Adorn'd with mercy, piety, and truth,
They still shall flourish in immortal youth."—
Ye Flowers of Human-nature! At the time
We grieve for your decay, in orient prime,
Beneath the brilliancy of heavenly skies,
Ye bloom; while here ye seem to fade, ye rise
Gay in th' embellishment of recent hues;
Gales of more exquisite perfume diffuse,
Than ye could breathe amid the mists below;
And gilt with beams of conscious splendour glow.

PROFESSOR RICHARDSON.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

What Nature, alas! has denied
To the delicate growth of our isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
And winter is decked with a smile.
See, Mary, what beauties I bring
From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flowers have the charm of the spring,
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

'Tis a bower of Arcadian sweets,
Where Flora is still in her prime,
A fortress, to which she retreats
From the cruel assaults of the clime.

While earth wears a mantle of snow,
These pinks are as fresh and as gay
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely survived
The frowns of a sky so severe;
Such Mary's true love, that has lived
Through many a turbulent year.
The charms of the late blowing rose
Seem graced with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow best shews
The truth of a friend such as you.

COWPER.

THE POLYANTHUS,
Blowing in January.

Thou blushing flower! no genial ray canst feel
To guard thee from the tempest's dread effect,
Shall winter's icy hand thy blossoms steal,
And unrelenting doom thee to neglect?

Meek, spotless flower, why thus thy sweets disclose,
And ope thy blossom to the raging storm?
Shall ice, shall snow-flake on thy breast repose,
And shade the glowing beauties of thy form?

Relentless clime! whilst death thou'rt dealing round,
Oh! spare this tender flowret's beauteous head,

Let the bleak mountain top with snow be crown'd,
But spare this humble flower's unsheltered bed.

Yet spar'd by clime, too many ills combine
To prove thy life ill-fated—premature;
Thy lovely lines, which now in beauty shine,
Attract the hand that beauty to secure.

ANON.

THE ROSEMARY.*

Sweet scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front serene,
And o'er the wintry desert drear.
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow;
And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song:
And sweet the strain shall be and long,
The melody of death.

Come funeral flower! who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell,

* The Rosemary buds in January. It is the flower commonly put in the coffins of the dead.

Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly alder tree,
And we will take a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lonely shrine,
The cold turf altar of the dead;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

KIRKE WHITE.

THE FUCHSIA,*

Blowing in Winter.

Fair flower! thy scarlet bloom I see
In winter's dreary hour;
Cam'st thou to bring a smile for me,
When gath'ring tempests low'r?

* This flower is a native of Chili, in South America.

Did nature kindly here unfold
Thy germ, before the spring,
To shame thy flowerless neighbours' cold,
Thy coral splendour bring.

Does sympathy expand thy ray,
For now on Chili's shore,
Thy kindred tribes, (in bright display,)
Their summer beauties pour.

Still then, alone, in winter bloom,
It makes thee doubly dear;
As is in suff'ring's darkest gloom,
The friend that comes to cheer.

ANON.

THE LABERNUM.

Fair tree! in thee delighted, I behold,
One of the loveliest of all earthly things;
Ten thousand flow'rs adorn'd with richest gold,
A blooming present from the King of kings!

I gaze on thee with joy,—and yet I sigh,
That garlands such as thine should ever fade;
Yet, when some transient hours have pass'd me by,
Thy glowing colours will be wrapt in shade.

Thus man, distinguish'd creature! lifts his head,
Looks gay,—his heart with love of glory fir'd;
Yet oft, when blooming, mingles with the dead,
Nor grasps the boundless bliss his soul desir'd:

Let things of richest hue and worth, still fade and die,—
The imperishable mind survives, beyond the sky.

ANON.

THE POMEGRANATE.

Thou mystical shrub! whose bell-shapen flower
Divine order decreed Aaron's robe should adorn,
Say, why wast thou chosen, or what was thy power,
To prefigure a pitying Saviour to man?

When I look on thy thorn-pointed spray, and red bud,
All busy my mind is, the semblance to trace,
With the thorn-piercing wrath, stain'd with innocent blood,
That encompass'd the brow of the author of Grace.

Thy fruit hangs so pendant, in form like a heart,
And, full ripen'd, exudes crimson dew on the ground;
Ah! was it not thus, in Gethsam'ne apart,
With the agoniz'd Jesus, when Deity frown'd?

Its smooth painted rind, when it met with a stroke,
Effus'd such a flow as to startle the eye;
Ah! was it not so, when his swollen heart broke,
Struck by justice relentless, for sinners to die!

Thy fruit, both refreshment and healing afford;
Lucid gems that dissolve to delectable wine!
And picture how precious the heart of my Lord,
When it bled in the atonement for sin,—even *mine*.

The feverish palate owns grateful the taste
Of thy mingled astringence with acid and sweets,
So my sin-mourning soul, on the anti-type plac'd,
Feels her conscience restor'd and her comfort replete.

As the *rose* on the mountain of *Sharon* so fair,
The *Beloved* amongst the well favour'd of men:
So thou Pomegranate-tree! in the glowing parterre
Art the brightest most interesting plant to be seen.

Holy awe fill'd my soul, and my frame felt a shake,
As the sacred comparison flow'd from my pen;
It has serv'd my reposing devotion to wake—
May it never, O! never, be languid again!

ANON.

THE WORM AT THE FLOWER.

You're spinning for my lady, Worm,
Silk garments for the fair;

You're spinning rainbows for a form
More beautiful than air;
When air is bright with sun-beams,
And morning mists arise
From woody vales and mountain streams,
To blue autumnal skies.

You're training for my lady, Flower!
You're opening for my love
The glory of her summer bower,
While sky-larks soar above.
Go, twine her locks with rose-buds,
Or breathe upon her breast;
While zephyrs curl the water-floods,
And rock the halcyon's nest.

But O! there is another worm
Ere long will visit her,
And revel on her lovely form
In the dark sepulchre:
Yet from that sepulchre shall spring
A flower as sweet as this:
Hard by the nightingale shall sing,
Soft winds its petals kiss.

Frail emblems of frail beauty, ye,
In beauty ye would trust!
Since all that charms the eye must be
Consign'd to worms and dust.

Yes, like the flower that decks her tomb,
Her soul shall quit the clod,
And shine in amaranthine bloom
Fast by the throne of God!

J. MONTGOMERY.

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.*

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup or bell,
In whose colour'd vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flow'd
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

* This dial is said to have been formed by Linnæus. It marked the hours by the opening and closing at regular intervals, of the flowers arranged in it.

So might the days have been brightly told—
  Those days of song and dreams—
When shepherds gather'd their flocks of old,
  By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
  Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark with a weary guest,
  Hath sought but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
  Mark'd thus – even thus—on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
  And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
  Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sun-set hour,
  A charm for the shaded eve.

MRS. HEMANS.

Published by T. Ward, Paternoster Row, London.

Wisdom Derived from Flowers.

Though 'tis in morning's gayer hour,
When nature's cheeks with blushes glow,
We see the beauty of each flower,
And feast upon their varied hue.

Yet 'tis when evening o'er the sky
Her moonlight mantle grey has cast,
When closed is every flowret's eye,
We most their dewy sweetness taste.

So Christian virtues most diffuse
Those sweets which prove the heart sincere,
When age, with silvery tresses, shews
The eve of life is drawing near.

The seeds in youth's bright morning sown,
To full maturity have come;
And though their brightest hues be gone,
Their *fragrance* charms us more than *bloom*.

ANON.

With each expanding flower we find,
Some pleasing sentiment combined;
Love in the myrtle bloom is seen,
Remembrance to the violet clings,
Peace brightens in the laurel's green,
Hope from the half closed iris springs,
And *Victory* on the laurel glows;
And *Woman* blushes on the rose.

ANON.

I know not why the beech delights the glade,
With boughs extended and a rounder shade,
Whilst towering firs in conic forms arise,
And with a pointed spear divide the skies;
Nor why, again, the changing oak should shed
The yearly honour of his stately head,
Whilst the distinguished yew is ever seen
Unchanged his branch, and permanent his green;
Wanting the sun, why does the caltha fade?
Why does the cypress flourish in the shade?
The fig and date, why love they to remain
In middle station, and an even plain,
While in the lower marsh the gourd is found,
And while the hill with olive-shade is crowned?
Why does one climate and one soil endue
The blushing poppy with a crimson hue,
Yet leave the lily, pale and tinge the violet-blue?

Why does the fond carnation love to shoot
A various colour from one parent root,
Which the fantastic tulip strives to break
In two-fold beauty and a parted streak?
The twining jasmine and the blushing rose,
With lavish grace their morning scents disclose;
The smelling tub'rose and jonquil declare,
The stronger impulse of an evening air.
Whence has the tree (resolve me) or the flower
A various instinct or a different power?
Why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one breath
Raise this to strength, and sicken that to death?
Whence does it happen that the plant which well
We name the sensitive, should move and feel?
Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
And with quick horror fly the neighb'ring hand?
Along the sunny bank or watery mead,
Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread;
Peaceful and lowly, in their native soil,
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confessed magnificence deride
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.
Take but the humblest lily of the field,
And if our pride will to our reason yield,
It must by sure comparison be shown,
That on the regal seat great David's son,

Arrayed in all his robes and types of power,
Shines with less glory than that simple flower.

PRIOR.

I watch'd the dew upon the grass,
I saw it melt away:
I press'd the flower at morn—alas!
At noon 'twas in decay.

Ah! dreadful thought that youth must fade,
In fullest, freshest bloom,
In beauteous brightening looks array'd,
To fill the silent tomb.

ANON.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the Lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy Rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The Lily must decay;
The Rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will share the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage!

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine!
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine:

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thy own.

ANON.

The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-day heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.

Nipp'd by the wing's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-liv'd beauties fade away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

But these new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine!
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast and death devour,
If Heaven will recompense our pains,
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains!

WESTLEY, *(Tiverton)*.

"And we do all fade as a leaf,"
Ah! true is the simile found;
How fragile, alas! and how brief,
Some, premature drop to the ground.
Full many the blast of disease
Sweeps off while bright Summer's sun shines;
In Autumn, his sceptre death sways,
And myriads to ruin consigns.

'Tis certain, but uncertain when,
That all, like the leaf, must decay;
Though spar'd beyond threescore and ten,
Yet Winter will sweep us away.

Then since 'tis the lot of us all,
Or sooner or later to die;
As sinners to God let us call,
Who will not his mercy deny.

If penitence flow from each heart,
And faith in Christ's merits we have,
He pardon and peace will impart,
And raise us, fair plants, from the grave.

To grow in his Eden, so fair;
Where life's lovely trees never fade;
But health reigns eternally there,
And love all the regions pervade.

ANON.

INSCRIPTION FOR A BOWER.

Stranger, whose curious eye, delighted, strays
Around the little Glen's romantic maze,
Where Genius rising from the vale of years,
In venerable vigour still appears,
Pause *here!*—'tis meditation's fav'rite seat—
And as you enter with due rev'rence greet
The sober, silent, solitary power,
Whose sacred presence dignifies the bower.
Does worldly care of grief thy soul oppress?
Her soothing influence will relieve distress;

Her admonition teach thee to be wise;
Her sanction prove a passport to the skies.

ANON.

EDEN.

(Acrostics.)

A mazed he woke in Eden's blissful bowers,
D elight and wonder beaming in his eyes,
A s first he saw among the blushing flowers,
M ore blooming far than they, his *Eve* arise.

E nvious the Tempter saw that innocence
V ied with each grace to gain pre-eminence,
E ve he "beguiled" her heart to hire it thence.

ANON.

The Music of Nature.

Music of the bough, that waves
As the wind plays lightly o'er;
Music of the stream, that laves
Pebbly marge or rocky;
Sweet your melody to me,
Singing to the soul,—the tone
Exceeds by far the minstrelsy
Of halls wherein bright harpers shone;
For ye attune HIS praise, who made
The wondrous perfect frame we view,
Each hill, and plain, and leafy shade,
And yon fair canopy of blue:
Ye seem to sing,—"How great the arm
Of that high God who reigns above;
Him worship! but without alarm;
His dearest, best known name is Love!"

EDMESTON.

God seen in His Works.

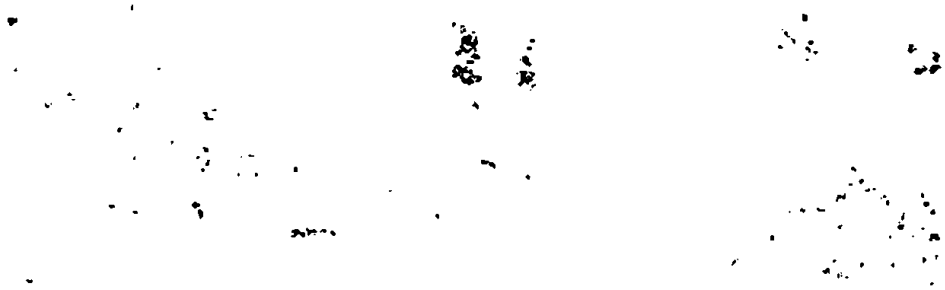
Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wond'rous world we see:
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee!
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day with farewell beam delays,
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues which mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of stormy gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with a thousand eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And ev'ry flow'r the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

MOORE.



Published by T. Ward, Ivermonster Row, London.

CHRISTIAN MELODIES.

THE CHRISTIAN.

How happy is the Christian's lot!
How free from ev'ry anxious thought,—
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

J. WESLEY.

LONDON:
SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL,
STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

1833.

Johnston, Printer, Lovell's Court, Paternoster Row

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The Christian.

A SAINT! oh would that I could claim
The privileg'd, the honour'd name;
And confidently take my stand,
Though lowest, in the saintly band!

Would, though it were in scorn applied,
That term the test of truth could 'bide!
Like kingly salutations given
In mockery to the King of heaven.

A Saint! and what imports the name
Thus bandied in derision's game?
"Holy, and separate from sin;
"To good, nay, e'en to God a-kin."

Is such the meaning of a name,
From which a Christian shrinks with shame?
Yes, dazzled with the glorious sight,
He owns his crown is all too bright.

And ill might son of Adam dare,
Alone such honour's weight to bear;
But fearlessly he takes the load,
United to the Son of God.

A Saint! Oh! give me but some sign,
Some seal to prove the title mine,
And warmer thanks thou shalt command,
Than bringing kingdoms in thine hand.

Oh! for an interest in that name,
When hell shall ope its jaws of flame,
And scorners to their doom be hurl'd,
While scorned "saints shall judge the world!"

How shall the name of saints be prized,
Though now neglected and despised,
When truth shall witness to the word,
That none but "saints shall see the Lord!"

MARRIOTT.

The Christian in Christ.

'Twas in an hour when sin prevail'd,
And sore temptations press'd,
A sudden groan my ear assail'd,
And pierc'd my shiv'ring breast.

I turn'd in haste; and, as I stood,
My wond'ring eyes survey'd
A Prince, expiring in his blood,
High on a cross display'd.

I knew him, though his thorny crown
Dimm'd his majestic air;
And turn'd, demanding, with a frown,
What traitor fix'd him there?

No answer to my voice I heard,
Nor could discern a foe;
When, lo! his fainting head he rear'd,
And spake in words of woe:—

"Mortal, from vain inquiry rest;
My cruel murd'rer see:

Thy crimes have rent my bleeding breast,
And nail'd me to the tree."

Trembling, I fell! I kiss'd his wounds,
And wept the gore away;
I saw him smooth his killing frowns
And heard him gently say—

"Rise! let thy heart its grief compose,
Thy Saviour can forgive;
He feels the burthen of thy woes,
And dies to bid thee live."

ANON.

O pleasure thine aspect is bright,
And sweet is the sound of thy voice:—
I saw thee, I heard thee, with heedless delight,
And made thee my earliest choice!
Youth urg'd me, with ardour, along—
Health freshen'd the air with his breath—
Prosperity gladden'd my ears with her song,
And Glory display'd his bright wreath:—
Joy's river flow'd smooth—on its margin there stood
Young Rapture, inviting—I plung'd in the flood!

How grateful the waves were at first,
As, fearless, I lav'd in the stream!

But lo! a wild hurricane over me burst—
I woke from my perilous dream!
What terrors had gather'd around!
What horrors of darkness unknown!
The train that ensnar'd me, no longer was found—
Heaven's smile was exchang'd for a frown!
The scenes of delight I had view'd were no more:—
The music was drown'd in the hurricane's roar!

Some guardian, invisible hand—
Bore me up on the treacherous tide:
Deserted I lay on the desolate strand,
With Misery crouch'd at my side:
Rude—rude was her hated embrace;
I struggled in vain to get free:
Save danger and ruin, no form could I trace,
Flames only—red flames—could I see,
Ascending, approaching—their prey to devour—
I shrunk—but my limbs were divested of pow'r!

Dark—dark was the tempest without—
Keen—keen was the torture within:
By the terrors of hell I was compass'd about—
I felt them already begin:—
Despair was advancing, to gnaw
The spring of my spirit away—
Each flash to my sight plac'd the curse of the law,

And my sins, in their dreadful array:
Fear shook me—astonishment sat on my eye,
While Conscience extorted the heart-rending sigh!

When lo! in that moment of fear,
Broke, mildly, Hope's tremulous ray;
The accents of Mercy fell soft on my ear,
And thus seem'd the seraph to say:
"Look—look to thy crucified Lord!
See where he lies bleeding for thee!
Hark!—'COME, I WILL SAVE THEE!'—Believe on his word;
Flee—flee to the Refuge—oh, flee!"
I heard, I obey'd—for his love drew me on—
I clung to his cross—and my terrors were gone!

Oh! sweet was the peace he bestow'd!
Oh! pure were the raptures I knew!
My blood-ransom'd spirit with gratitude glow'd—
To serve—to obey him, I flew:
All—all I had once long'd to gain
Was now but accounted as dross;
Earth's riches, and honours, and pleasures—how vain!
I gloried alone in the cross!
For Jesus alone it was pleasure to live—
My life for his sake I was ready to give!

That life I at length shall resign,
And a better receive at his hand:
He will raise me, to shine in his image divine,—
With him in his glory to stand!
Already the gloom is withdrawn;
Already has Misery fled:
Already the day is beginning to dawn,
And the crown is approaching my head:
I shall see him, and dwell with him—ever shal see,—
For ever shall dwell, dearest Saviour, with thee!

Religion!—I make thee my choice:
Thine aspect to me is more bright,—
Far sweeter to me is the sound of thy voice,
Than ever was earthly delight:
Repentance may stand at thy side,—
Affliction may walk in thy train,—
But Faith, at thy bidding, my footsteps shall guide,
And Hope my faint spirit sustain;
And Charity—love which for ever shall glow—
Shall fill me with rapture earth cannot bestow.

ANON.

The Christian in the Closet.

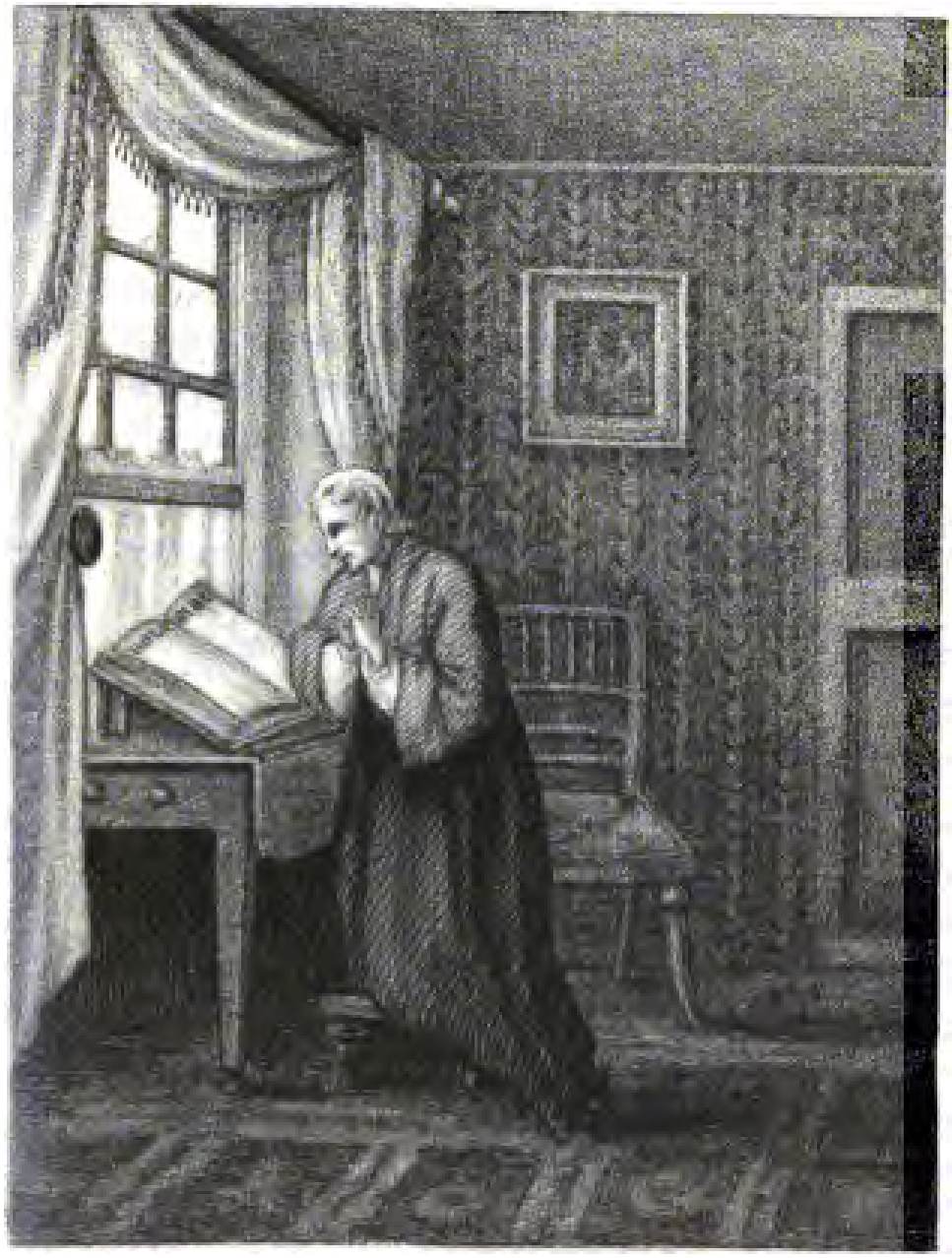
SOLITUDE.

Oh! tell me when I may
Call one short hour my own;
Vain world, with all thy crowds away,
My soul would be alone.

Yet not alone I am,
Whilst thou in heaven art;
Dear loving, everlasting Lamb,
Companion of my heart.

No; I am not alone,
Whilst Father, Spirit, Son,
Call from their lofty mercy throne,
To tell me we are one.

Alone I can't be found,
While hosts that faith can see
Of guardian angels fly around,
To minister to me.



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No—not alone am I,
While saints remain below,
My spirit joins their company,
With them I onward go.

Alone I ne'er can be,
While truth's abiding page
Speaks words of blessings from the Three,
To cheer my pilgrimage.

Sweet sacred Solitude,
Which thus attended is;
Let no unholy noise intrude
On such a scene as this.

But soon the world breaks in
To mar my tranquil hour,
And care, and fear, and grief, and sin,
Show their disturbing power.

There's not beneath the sun
A sky without a cloud,
And in the calmest course we run
The tempest still is loud.

Then look, my hoping soul,
Above yon starry vault,
And realize my future whole,
Of peace beyond assault.

In regions now unseen
But by believing eyes,
Thou'lt mix, immortal and serene,
In sweet societies.

When Jesus, Lord of all!
Sits in the peaceful seat,
And all the storms that shake this ball
Lie hush'd beneath his feet.

Where great Jehovah spreads
His vest o'er all above;
And through his dear Anointed sheds
His glory and his love.

There, 'midst delights untold,
In realms by man untrod,
Thou wilt eternal converse hold,
With angels, saints, and God.

GANDY.

PRAYER.

Through the skies when the thunder is hurl'd,
The child to its parent will flee;
Thus, amidst the rebukes of the world,
I turn, O my Father! to thee.

In vain would they bid me retire;
In vain would they silence my prayer;
'Tis eye-sight, 'tis life, I require;
I seek to be snatch'd from despair.

In this valley of sorrow and strife,
Prayer shall rise with my earliest breath!
It shall mix in the business of life,
And soften the struggles of death.

CUNNINGHAM.

Prayer is the vital breath of faith,
Which makes the soul to heaven arise;
Neglecting this, the *man* may live,
But ah, how soon the *Christian* dies!

If prayer then be the life of faith,
And faith my guide to heaven must be,
Lord, may I live a life of prayer,
And thus entirely live to thee.

ANON.

While some give up themselves to sin,
  Nor death, nor judgment fear;
Lord, I resign my soul to thee,
  And give myself to pray'r.

While others, overwhelmed with woe,
Yield to distracting care;
I'll cast my burthens, Lord, on thee,
And give myself to pray'r.

Unto the Saviour's throne of grace,
With praise I would repair;
And in my great Redeemer's name,
Will give myself to pray'r.

Whate'er my trials, doubts, and fears,
Preserve me from despair;
O help me, Lord, in every need,
To give myself to pray'r.

ANON.

If ever on earth the visions of heav'n,
Of glory and beauty, to mortals are giv'n,
'Tis when on the wings of devotion we soar,
And trust in the Godhead we humbly adore.

Though faint be the ray that breaks from above,
Its smile is the brightness of peace and of love,—
The pledge and the promise of glory to come,
When joy shall be harbour'd secure in its home.

DR. BOWRING.

FAITH IN GOD.

Faith, like a simple, unsuspecting child,
Serenely resting on its mother's arm,
Reposing every care upon her God,
Sleeps on his bosom, and expects no harm:

Receives with joy the promises he makes,
Nor questions of his purpose or his power;
She does not doubting ask, "Can this be so?"
The Lord has said it, and there needs no more.

However deep be the mysterious word,
However dark, she disbelieves it not!
Where reason would examine, faith obeys,
And "It is written," answers every doubt.

In vain, with rude and overwhelming force,
Conscience repeats her tale of misery;
And powers infernal, wasteful to destroy,
Urge the worn spirit to despair and die.

As evening's pale and solitary star,
But brightens while the darkness gathers round;
So faith, unmoved amidst surrounding storms,
Is fairest seen in darkness most profound.

CAROLINE FRY.

Sad is my heart, all pensive and forlorn,
With clouds of sorrow and of sin o'ercast :
Cold as the rain-drops of the wintry morn,
Impetuous falling with the stormy blast.

Fain would my faith enjoy a nobler scene,
Beyond the reach of Earth's beclouded ray ;
Where Glory dwells in majesty serene,
'Mid the pure splendour of eternal day ;

Where souls unruffled with the softest sigh,
No momentary trace of anguish bear,
To dim the beam of an immortal eye,
Or stain celestial roses with a tear !

ANON.

SELF REPROOF.

Why dost thou linger in thy cell,
My soul, contented here to dwell ?
What are the charms of sinful clay,
To court and entertain thy stay ?
A thousand ills thy body feels :
In weakness now the fabric reels ;
And now the crimson currents roll
In poison, and infect the soul :

Sorrow and pleasure mix their strife,
And break the harmony of life.

How criminal his fond delight
In earth, who still delays his flight;
When Satan, and the pains of sense,
Try all their pow'rs to drive him hence!
See, how the stars their beams unite
To point thy course, and guide thy flight
To the fair temple of thy God,—
The purchase of Immanuel's blood:
Seraphic legions bid thee come—
Jesus, in smiles, invites thee home.

DR. GIBBONS.

The Christian in the Family.

Oh! sweet as vernal dews that fill
The closing buds on Zion's hill,
  When ev'ning clouds draw thither,—
So sweet, so heav'nly 'tis, to see
The members of one family
  Live peacefully together.

The children, like the lily flow'rs,
On which descend the suns and show'rs,
  Their hues of beauty blending;
The parents, like the willow boughs,
On which the lovely foliage grows,
  Their friendly shade extending.

But leaves the greenest will decay,—
And flow'rs the brightest fade away,
  When autumn winds are sweeping;
And be the household e'er so fair,
The hand of death will soon be there,
  And turn the scene to weeping.

Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,
And lilies wave beneath the breeze,

When spring comes smiling hither;
And friends who parted at the tomb,
May yet renew their loveliest bloom,
And meet in heav'n together.

MORNING HYMN.

Awake our souls, and quickly rise,
To seek our God by prayer;
Awake each voice, ascend the skies,
And gain an audience there.

While some with zeal the world pursue,
T' obtain its glittering ore;
And all the end they have in view,
Is but t' increase their store.

Whilst others waste their precious hours
In sloth and idleness;
O let us now exert our powers,
And on our journey press.

The sun his glorious beams displays,
To animate the sphere;
And light, and genial warmth conveys,
Where'er his rays appear.

Thus in our lives may every grace,
With purest lustre shine:

And shew to all that we possess
The principle divine.

MRS. COCKS.

MORNING HYMN.

Watch of Israel; we shall rest
Calmly if thy voice hath blest—
If thou sayest "all is well!"
Ever wakeful Sentinel.

If in sleep our spirits dream,
Still oh! still, be Thou the theme,
Heavenly let our visions be—
Even in dreaming, dream of Thee.

But if sleep be far away,
And we watch till dawning day.
Let thy Spirit still impart
Calmness to each aching heart.

ANON.

HOLY RESOLUTION OF PIOUS PARENTS.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring,
Whence pleasures ever rise;

We'll form their minds with studious care
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

COTTON.

PARENTAL INSTRUCTION.

Kneel, my child, thy God is here!
Kneel in love and filial fear;
Love him,—for his grace He shows thee,
Fear him,—for He made and knows thee.
Thou art his, through Christ his Son
Saved by grace, by mercy won.
Thou wert lost to heavenly joy;
But my Saviour sought and found thee,
And His blessings now surround thee!
Praise him for his constant care,
Pray to him.—He heareth prayer.

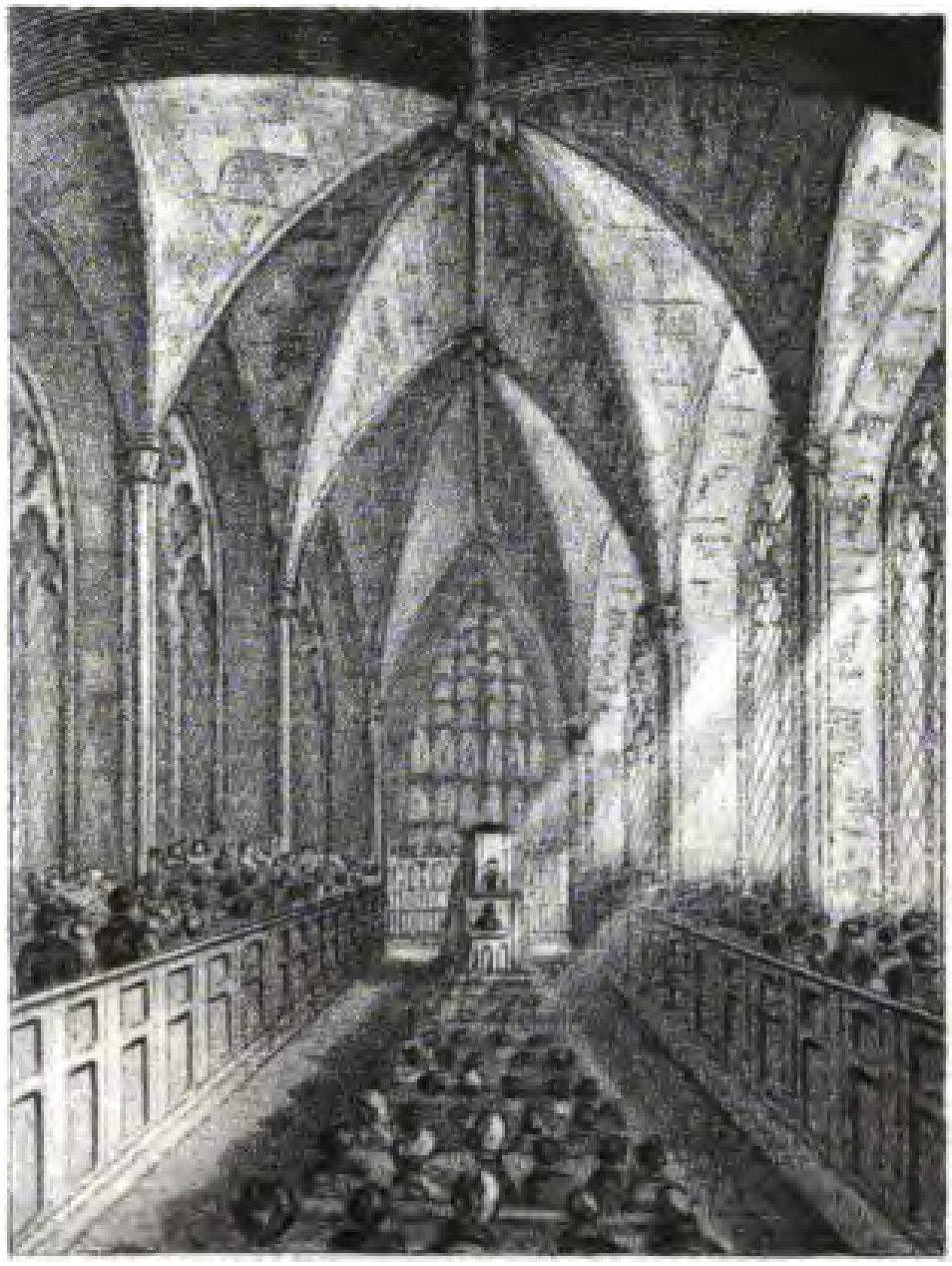
ANON.

The Christian in the Church.

I went into the house of prayer,
'Twas many a mile away;
I knew no individual there—
I went to hear them pray;
And by their supplications found
The place indeed was holy ground.

I did not ask their creed or name,
'Twas scarcely worth a care;
It was enough a holy flame
Impell'd their souls to prayer;
And in my own methought I found
A brother's love go circling round.

They sought the Father through the Son,
Confess'd that they were vile;
Rejoic'd Redemption's work was done,
That justice now could smile;
And ask'd the Holy Spirit's power
To bless them in that happy hour.



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And pilgrims they themselves confest,
And strangers here below
To perfect joy, and solid rest,
Or—misanthropic woe!
And made an humble, happy claim
To heaven itself in Jesu's name.

They were, indeed, a little band,
But they appear'd to me
The salt that purifies the land
Amidst depravity;
For to the potency of prayer,
We owe the blessings that we share.

Then let us raise hosannas high
To God the Father's name,
Who bids our supplications fly
On love's triumphant flame;
And from his throne above the skies,
Sends down to earth such rich supplies.

E. DERMER.

BENEVOLENCE.

Hail, source of pleasures ever new!
While thy kind dictates I pursue,

I taste a joy sincere;
Too high for little minds to know,
Who on themselves, alone, bestow
Their wishes and their care.

By thee inspir'd the gen'rous breast,
In blessing others only blest,
With kindness large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.

O God! with sympathetic care,
In other's joys and griefs to share,
Do thou mine heart incline;
Each low, each selfish, wish controul,
Warm with benevolence my soul,
And make me wholly thine.

BLACKLOCK.

Oh! have we never seen an *eye*,
Pure as the infant's at its birth;
The look of some superior sky,
Allied to heaven, though found on earth?

A rich, a soul-subduing gleam,
That with the blush of angels shone;

Brief as the moon-beam on the stream;
A *glance* that thrill'd us and was gone?

These are the dim precursors kind,
That, in mysterious symbols, tell
Of realms, enduring and refined,
Where soon the pure in heart will dwell.

This gleam of sunshine after storm,
This look benign, this eye of love,
Just emblem, in their faintest form,
The pleasures of the world above!

COTTLE.

How sweet it is to drop the tear
That tells the feeling of the heart,
Sublimely other's woe to share,
And then the *needed* aid impart.

To press the hand of pining grief,
And soothe the sorrows of the breast,
To give the throbbing heart relief,
And hush its murmurings into rest.

More dear to me *that* sacred hour,
Which aids a brother in distress,
Than all the gaudy pomp and power,
And scenes of gilded wretchedness.

Oh! this is luxury! to cause
The smile of gratitude to play,
On that pale cheek, which lately was
A prey to sorrow and decay.

And in the last decisive day,
Though we have long forgotten been,
One tear of pity shall outweigh
A life of pleasurable sin!

BECK.

HUMILITY.

The modest, lowly lily of the vale,
That blooms, where yonder streamlet glides serene
And hides its lovely, little floweret pale,
Beneath its wide spread leaf of grassy green,
Unconscious of its beauty lives and flowers unseen.
So sweet humility in charms arrayed,
Retiring from the sunshine, seeks the shade,
And there diffuses odours on the scene.
She blooms unmindful of her own bright charms,
From flattery shrinks, for every breath alarms;
She shuns the joyless turmoil of the gay,
And lives secluded from their erring way
All unobserved, like yonder simple flower,
She dwells secure, unmoved by pride or power.

ANON.

THE SACRAMENTAL BOARD.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood,
Precious drops my soul bedewing
Plead and claim my peace with God.
Love and grief my heart dividing,
Gazing here I'd spend my breath;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
Lord, in ceaseless contemplation,
Fix my heart and eyes on thine,
Till I taste thy whole salvation,
Where unveiled thy glories shine!

ROBINSON.

HERE I would for ever stay,
Gaze and weep my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

The Christian in the World.

PATRIOTISM.

Angels of glory! came she not from you?
Are there not patriots in the heaven of heavens?
And hath not every Seraph some dear spot,—
Throughout th' expanse of worlds some favourite home,
On which he fixes with domestic fondness?
Doth not e'en Michael on his seat of fire,
Close to the footstool of the throne of God,
Rest on his harp awhile, and from the face
And burning glories of the Deity,
Loosen his rivetted and raptured gaze,
To bend one bright, one transient downward glance,
One patriot look upon his native star?
Or do I err?—and is your bliss complete,
Without one spot to claim your warmer smile,
And e'en an Angel's partiality?
And is that passion, which we deem divine,
Which makes the timid brave, and brave resistless.—

Makes men seem heroes,—heroes, demigods—
A poor, mere mortal feeling?—No! 'tis false!
The Deity himself proves it divine;
For, when the Deity convers'd with men,
He was himself a Patriot!—to the Earth,—
To all mankind a *Saviour* was he sent;
And, all he loved with a Redeemer's love;
Yet still, his *warmest* love, his *tenderest* care,
His life, his heart, his blessings, and his mournings,
His smiles, his tears, he gave to thee—Jerusalem—
To thee his Country! Though with a prophet's gaze,
He saw the future sorrows of the world;
And all the miseries of the human race
From age to age, rehears'd their parts before him;
Though he beheld the fall of gasping Rome
Crush'd by descending Vandals; though he heard
The shriek of Poland, when the spoilers came;
Though he saw Europe in the conflagration
Which now is burning; and his eye could pierce
The coming woes that we have yet to feel;
Yet still,—o'er Sion's walls alone he hung,
Thought of no trench but that round Sion cast;
Beheld no widows mourn, but Israel's daughters;
Beheld no slaughter, but of Judah's sons:
On them alone the tears of heaven he dropped;

Dwelt on the horrors of their fall, and sigh'd—
" Hadst thou but known, even thou in this thy day,
" The things which do belong unto thy peace,—
" Hadst thou, O hadst thou known, Jerusalem!"
Yet, well he knew what anguish should be his
From those he wept for; well did he foresee
The scourge—the thorns—the cross—the agony;
Yet still, how oft upon thy sons he laid
The hands of health; how oft beneath his wing
Thy children would have gather'd, O Jerusalem!
Thou art not mortal, thou didst come from heaven,—
Spirit of patriotism thou art divine!—
Then, Seraph! where thy first descent on earth?
Heaven's hallelujahs, for what soil abandoned?
Close by the side of Adam, ere he woke
Into existence, was thy hallowed stand;
On Eden, and on *thee*, his eyes unclosed:
For say;—instead of Wisdom's sacred tree,
And its sweet fatal fruit, had Heaven denied
His daily visit to his natal spot,—
Say, could our Father boast one day's obedience?—
And wherefore, Eden, when he pass'd for ever
Thy gates, in slow and silent bitterness,—
Why did he turn that look of bursting anguish
Upon thy fruits, thy groves, thy vales, thy fountains;
And, why inhale with agonizing fervour

The last—last breeze that blew from thee upon
him?
'Twas not alone because thy fruits were sweet—
Thy groves were music—and thy fountains—
health;
Thy breezes—balm; thy valleys—loveliness;
But that they were the first, his ear, eye, taste,
Or smell, or feeling, had perceived or tasted,
Heard, seen, inhaled;—because thou wert his
Country!
Yes, frail and sorrowing Sire, thy sons forgive
thee!
True thou hast lost us Eden and its joys;
But, *thou* hast suffer'd doubly by thy loss!
We were not born *there;* it was not our Country!
Oh, holy Angel, thou hast given us each
This substitute for Paradise. With thee
The vale of snow may be our summer walk:
The pointed rock—the bower of repose;
The cataract—our music;—while, for food
Thy fingers icy-cold, perhaps may pluck
The mountain berry; yet, with thee, we'll smile;
Nor shiver when we hear, that father Adam
Once lived in brighter climes, on sweeter food.
But, ah! at least to this our second Eden,
Permit no artful serpent to approach;
Let no foul traitor grasp at fruits which thou

Hast interdicted; and no sword of flame
Flash forth despair, and wave us to our exile.
Yet, rather than that I should rise in shame
Upon my country's downfall; or should draw
One tear from her, or e'en one frown from thee;
Rather than that I should approach her walls,
Like Caius Marius, with her foes combin'd;
Or turn like Sylla, her own sons upon her,
Let me sit down in silence by thy side,
Upon the banks of Babylon,—and weep,
When we remember all that we have lost.
Nor shall we always on the stranger's willow,
Allow our harp in sorrow to repose;
But, when thy converse has inspir'd my soul,
Roused me to phrenzy; taught me to forget
Distance, and time, and place, and woe, and exile;
And I no more behold Euphrate's bank,
And hear no more the clanking of my fetters,
Then, in thy fervours, shalt thou snatch thy harp,
And strike me one of Sion's loftiest songs,
Until I pour my soul upon the notes,—
Deep from my heart,—and they shall waft it home;
Oh Erin! Oh my Mother! I will love thee;
Whether upon thy green, Atlantic throne,
Thou sitt'st august, majestic, and sublime;
Or on thy Empire's last remaining fragment,
Bendest forlorn, dejected, and forsaken,—

Thy smiles, thy tears, thy blessings, and thy woes,
Thy glory and thy infamy be mine!
Should Heaven but teach me to display my heart,—
With Deborah's notes, thy triumphs would I sing,
Would weep thy woes with Jeremiah's tears;
But,—for a *warning* voice, which, though thy fall
Had been begun, should check thee in mid-air;—
Isaiah's lips of fire should utter, Hold!
Not e'en thy vices can withdraw me from thee;—
Thy *crimes* I'd shun—*thyself* would still embrace;
For, e'en to me, Omnipotence might grant
To be the "tenth just man," to save thee, Erin!—
And when I leave thee, should the lowest seat
In heaven be mine;—should smiling Mercy grant
One dim and distant vision of its glories,
Then, if the least of all the blest can mix
With heaven one thought of earth—I'll think of thee.

WOLFE.

SYMPATHY IN DISTRESS.

O 'tis not while the fairy breeze fans the green ocean,
That the safety and strength of the bark can be shown;

And 'tis not in prosperity's hour the devotion,
The fervour, and truth of a friend can be known.

No! the bark must be prov'd when the tempest is howling,
When dangers and mountain-waves close on her press;
The friend, when the sky of adversity's scowling,
For the touchstone of friendship's—the hour of distress.

When prosperity's day-star beams pure and unclouded,
Then thousands will mingle their shouts round its throne,
But oh! let its light for one moment be shrouded,
And the smiles of the faithless, like shadows are gone.

Then comes the true friend, who, to guile is a stranger,
The heart of the lone-one to soothe and caress;
While his smile, like a beacon blazing in danger,
Sheds a beam o'er the gloom of the hour of distress.

O 'tis sweet 'midst the horrors of bleak desolation,
While pleasure and hope seem eternally flown,
When the heart is first lit by the dear consolation,
That a heaven of happiness yet may be won.

Grief fades like the night-cloud, bliss mingles with sorrows,
When the first sunny rays through the darkness appear;
And the rainbow of hope beameth bright as it borrows
All its splendour and light from a smile and a tear.

O 'tis those whose life's path has been clouded and cheerless,
Can feel that pure burst of transport and bliss;
When the trusted and tried friend comes boldly and fearless,
To share, or relieve the dark hour of distress.

Past griefs may yet cease to be thought on, but never
Can time make the feeling of gratitude less;
May the blessing of God rest for ever and ever
On him who forsook not in hours of distress.

GOLDIE.

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that sparkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks
For other's woe down virtue's manly cheeks.

ANON.

FORGIVENESS.

When on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloom'd so beauteously,
Beneath the keen stroke bends;
E'en on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if in token in her fall,
Peace to her foes, and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns—
To smile and bless the hand that spurns;
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
But render only love again!
This spirit not to earth is given;
One had it—but HE came from heaven.
Reviled, rejected, and betray'd,
No curse HE breath'd, no plaint HE made;

But, when in death's deep pang HE sigh'd,
Pray'd for his murderers, and died.

ANON.

"I will be *even* with my bitterest foe,"
Revenge exclaims, and then returns the blow.—
"I'll be superior," should the Christian say;
"And kind forgiveness readily display."

ANON.

VANITY OF THE WORLD.

This world, that we so highly prize,
And seek so eagerly its smile—
What is it?—vanity and lies—
A broken cistern all the while.

Pleasure—with her delightful song,
That charms, th' unwary to beguile—
What is it?—vanity and lies—
A broken cistern all the while.

And earthly friendships, fair and gay,
That promise much, with artful wile—
What are they?—only treachery—
A broken cistern all the while.

Riches, that so absorb the mind
In anxious care, and ceaseless toil—
What are they!—faithless as the wind
A broken cistern all the while.

Yes—all are broken cisterns, Lord!
To those that wander far from thee:
The living stream is in thy word,
Thou FOUNT OF IMMORTALITY!

DR. RAFFLES.

Arise my noblest thoughts,
And soar above this sphere;
Try thine immortal wings, my soul,
Till earth shall disappear.

Yet ere the flight begins,
One moment glance around,
And see the world's unnumber'd slaves,
In golden fetters bound.

Toiling from day to day,
Their health and time they waste,
To treasure up for unknown heirs,
The joys they cannot taste.

Pity,—but stay not here,
Assert thine heavenly birth,

An heir of glory must not dwell
With grov'ling sons of earth.

DR. COLLYER.

RENUNCIATION OF THE WORLD.

Come my fond fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free:
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

Ye tempting sweets, forbear—
Ye dearest idols, fall:
My love ye must not share;
Jesus shall have it all:
'Tis bitter pain—'tis cruel smart,
But O! thou must consent, my heart!

Ye fair enchanting throng,
Ye golden dreams, farewell!
Earth has prevailed too long,
And now I break the spell:
Ye cherished joys of early years!
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

But must I part with all?
My heart still fondly pleads:
Yes—Dagon's self must fall:—
It beats, it throbs, it bleeds:
Is there no balm in Gilead found
To soothe and heal the smarting wound?

O yes, there is a balm,
A kind Physician there,
My fever'd mind to calm,
To bid me not despair:
Dear Saviour! help me, set me free,
And I will all resign to thee!

O may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare—
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord, compare!
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.

JANE TAYLOR.

I quit the world's fantastic joys,
Her honours are but empty toys,
Her bliss an empty shade:
Like meteors in the midnight sky,
That glitter for awhile, and die,
Her glories flash and fade.

Let fools for riches strive and toil,
Let greedy minds divide the spoil,
'Tis all too mean for me;
Above the earth, above the skies,
My bold and fervent wishes rise,
My God, to heaven and thee.

O Source of glory, life, and love!
When to thy courts I mount above,
On contemplation's wings,
I look with pity and disdain
On all the pleasures of the vain,
On all the pomp of kings.

Thy beauties rising in my sight,
Divinely sweet, divinely bright,
With rapture fill my breast;
Though robb'd of all my worldly store,
In thee I never can be poor,
But must be ever blest.

DR. H. MOORE.

The bird let loose in eastern skies,
When fondly hastening home,
Stoops not her wing to earth, nor flies
Where thoughtless trifles roam!

Aloft she shoots, through air and light,
Above all low delay;
No snares arrest her heav'nward flight,
No shades invest her way.

So may I, Lord, my course maintain,
And from temptation flee;
So, through thy grace, my soul sustain,
And aid her flight to thee:—
Oh! let no lure prolong her stay
Among terrestrial things;
But bid thy sunshine gild her way,
Thy blessing nerve her wings.

MOORE.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's instruction given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Instructive shine, instructive flow;
Earth will prove TRUE in heaven!

The light that shines on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom
Shine in a light, may pass the tomb;
Earth glows more BRIGHT in heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
But fancy's flash, and reason's ray
O'erspread with light the troubled way
As with the CALM of heaven!

Who guides our feet with saving light,
Whose grace on earth is given;
Who meets our faith with visions bright,
Till faith becomes complete in sight?—
HE is the GOD of Heaven!

Let but his truth within us be
By joy and woe engraven;
With joys of earth we soon shall see
Blending thy joys, eternity;
Earth is the way to Heaven!

If e'er from Him, who gave us breath,
In sorrow we are driven,
The anguish of the second death,
Will seize the soul that ne'er in faith
Breathed *here* the life of Heaven!

NEW YORK OBSERVER.

The Christian in Prosperity.

Honour and happiness unite,
To make the Christian's name a praise;
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days!

A kingly character he bears,
No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears,
His joys can never reach a close.

Adorned with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face;
His robe is of th' ethereal dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

Inferior honour he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth;
The King of kings himself maintains
Th' expences of his heavenly birth.

The noblest creature seen below,
Ordain'd to fill a throne above;

God gives him all he can bestow,—
His kingdom of eternal love!

My soul is ravish'd at the thought!
Methinks from earth, I see him rise!
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

COWPER.

While marching on to Canaan's land,
A thousand foes around us stand;
But we will still, with cheerful face,
Press forward in our heavenly race.

The day of trial now we find,
The day of triumph waits behind;
And, near th' appointed hour may be
Which sets our souls, from conflict, free.

Though tempests now our bark endure,
Our wind is fair, our course is sure,
While sailing o'er life's stormy tide,
The Star of faith shall be our guide.

Our confidence is fix'd on *One*,
The Hope of earth, Jehovah's Son;
And, ever will we *Him* confess,
Who is our strength, and righteousness.

With such a prospect, such a Friend,
Such hopes to cheer us to the end;
Let us, afresh, maintain the fight,
And keep the glorious crown in sight.

COTTLE.

The tender mercy of our Lord,
And his long-suffering grace,
The loving-kindness of his word,
We every moment trace.

Our bread is given, our water sure,
Body and soul sustain'd;
O may we to the end endure,
Till heaven itself is gain'd!

Sacred raptures cheer my breast,
Rushing tides of hallow'd zeal;
Joys too vast to be express'd,
In this swelling heart I feel.

Warm, enthusiastic fires
In my panting bosom roll;
Hope of bliss that ne'er expires
Dawns upon my ravish'd soul.

ANON.

The Christian in Adversity.

No idle passion fills my breast,
The phantom of youth's thoughtless day;
The grief that robs my soul of rest,
No time—no art can steal away!

It haunts me through each varied scene,
It shades the present and the past;
Light griefs may fade; but fresh and green
My sorrow all through life will last!

It is a deep and silent wound,
That knows no rest,—that finds no cure;
Like streams that wander under ground,
Unseen it flows, and must endure!

Talk not to hearts like mine, of peace,
Nor say that joy will soon return:
Who can bid MEMORY's scorpions cease,
Or heal the hopeless wound I mourn?

Memory—sad memory—still will bloom
On soils whence other plants have flown;

As cypress blossoms on the tomb,
In mournful majesty, alone!

Yes,—*now*, life's fairest scenes must be
A weary waste of tedious hours;
A gloomy, cheerless blank to me,
Where thorns usurp the place of flow'rs!

The *past*,—it now might almost seem
The phantom of a feverish brain,—
But that, to prove 'twas not a dream,
Its image and my griefs remain!

The *future*,—'tis a cheerless gloom,
That has no ray of hope for me,—
Save what is veil'd beyond the tomb,
And shrouded in eternity!

MRS. C. B. WILSON.

Oh, Man! when thou think'st of the hours
Embitter'd by sorrow and pain,
Let fortitude summon her powers,
Nor misery dare to complain.

With courage bear up for awhile,
And sorrow to joy shall give place;
The tear shall be wip'd, and a smile
Shall brighten calamity's face.

That God who does nothing in vain,
Pursues a benevolent plan;
And whether 'tis pleasure or pain,
'Tis wisely appointed for man.

CALAMY.

Oh! weep not, tho' weary and wild is thy lot,
And tho' storms may be gathering around;
There is *One* who can shield from the hurricane's wrath,
And that *One* may ever be found.
He is with thee, around thee; he lists to thy cry,
And thy tears are recorded by him;
A pillar of light He will be to thine eye,
Whose brightness no shadow can dim.

Oh! follow it still, thro' the darkness of night,
In safety 'twill lead to the morrow;
'Tis not like the meteors of earth's fickle light,
Often quench'd in delusion and sorrow.
But pure is the beam and unfading the ray,
And the tempests pass o'er it in vain;
When the mists of this world are all vanquish'd away,
In its brightness it still will remain.

And weep not that none are around thee to love,
When a Father is with thee to bless;
And if griefs have exalted thy spirit above,
Oh! say, wouldst thou wish for one less?
He is with thee whose favour for ever is life;
Could a mortal heart guard thee so well?
Oh! hush the vain wish, calm thy bosom's wild strife,
And forbid e'en thy thoughts to rebel.

ANON.

Ah! why was the tear form'd to flow
O'er the anguish we vainly deplore?
Or the sigh for the victim of woe,
When his comfort we cannot restore?

Must the bosom of sympathy mourn?
Must virtue and friendship repine?
Must the heart that is tender be torn,
When its passion is pure and divine?

Yes! pity must often befriend,
And the heart that has feeling must grieve,
When the hand is forbid to extend,
And the *wish* is the *all* we can give.

But the heart that still wishes to bless,
Reflects the same pleasure that's given,
And the tear that can fall at distress
Is an alms that's accepted in heaven.

ANON.

These hearts, alas! cleave to the dust,
By strong and endless ties;
Whilst ev'ry sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.

When heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end,
It takes the most effectual way,
And robs us of a friend.

Resign—and all the load of life
That moment you remove;
Its heavy load—ten thousand cares,
Devolve on One above—

Who bids us lay our burden down
On his almighty hand;
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing a command.

YOUNG.

Oh, how wise that God hath hidden
All the future from us here!
Oh, how kind that 'tis forbidden
We should feel to-morrow's care!
If time's page of hurrying fleetness
Were unveil'd to readers here,
Joy itself would lose its sweetness,
Sorrow would become despair.

Now, if storms the ocean cover,
Hope declares a calm is near;
When discordant tones are over,
Soften'd music meets the ear:
If the shadows of affliction
Round us gather as we go,
Soon some heav'nly benediction
Wakens peace from slumb'ring woe.

BOWRING.

The Christian in Spiritual Sorrow.

Lord, I have wander'd like the dove,
Who parted from the ark;
I left the covenant of love,
And wander'd in the dark.

No friendly branch, no verdant spray—
She sought for rest in vain,
Till, weary with the dismal way,
She found the ark again.

So I have found that life is drear
Where floods and tempests roll;
There is no branch of mercy here,
To rest the weary soul.

Forlorn, and sad, and weak, I flee
From sorrow and from sin;
In penitence I come to thee,
And thou wilt take me in.

ANON.

Is this the same heart which I knew,
So awake to the tidings from heav'n?
The branch of the morn, which so loftily grew,
Has shed its fair blossoms at ev'n!

O Lord! when I'm tempted to rove,—
When I'm tempted thy name to disown;
Around my frail heart throw the cord of thy love,
And fix me, and make me thine own.

CUNNINGHAM.

Lord of my soul, I take thy name,
And bind the glory to my brow;
Exalting in my Master's shame,
And proud his scandal to avow.

True, neither flames nor racks appear,
Chains bind the dragon to his den;
Yet is there venom in a sneer,
And bitterness in scorn of men.

The cross I wear not as 'tis worn,
Gem-wrought at feast and masquerade;
Nor on chivalric banners borne,
That flame along the fierce crusade.

These bear no shame in human eyes,
Pride claims such trophies as her own;

And 'tis the cross which men despise,
That is esteem'd by God alone.

A pure meek spirit, humble heart,
A soul of faith, and praise, and prayer;
At these the world will aim its dart,
And this the cross I fain would bear.

EDMESTON.

Disasters on disasters grow,
And those which are not sent, we make;
The good we rarely find below,
Or in the search the road mistake.

The object of our fancied joys,
With eager eye we keep in view:
Possession, when acquired, destroys
The object, and the passion too.

Life is to man a nauseous pill,
A time to weep, rejoice, and pray;
Let's take the good, avoid the ill,
Believe in Christ, and pass away.

FRENEAU.

The Christian in Spiritual Joy.

Sweet Jesus! when I think on thee,
My heart for joy doth leap in me:
Thy blest remembrance yields delight,
But far more sweet will be thy sight.

Of Him who did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing;
When with his name I'm charm'd in song,
I wish myself all ear and tongue.

The joy's too great, I must confess;
I feel a bliss I can't express:
Thy love, my Saviour, ne'er can cloy,
Fountain of bliss, and Source of joy.

O, let me ever share thy grace,
Still taste thy love, and view thy face!
Still let my tongue resound thy name,
And Jesus be my constant theme.

BERNARD.

Though sometimes my way has been dreary,
And toilsome the path I have trod;

Soon—soon I shall be where the weary
Find rest in the arms of their God.

How blissful will there be the meeting
Of all the redeem'd of the Lord!
Compar'd with its raptures, how fleeting
The pleasures the world can afford!

Oh! sweet is the thought,—that I never
Shall leave the bright city above:
I shall dwell with my Saviour for ever,—
For ever be blest in his love!

ANON.

My gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim;
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name:
To gaze on his glories divine,
Shall be my eternal employ—
To feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

He freely redeem'd, with his blood,
My soul from the confines of hell;
To live on the smiles of my God—
In his presence and glory to dwell;

To shine with the angels of light;
With saints and with seraphs to sing;
To view with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

In Meshech, as yet, I reside,—
A darksome and restless abode!
Molested with foes on each side,
And longing to dwell with my God:
Oh! when shall my spirit exchange
This cell of corruptible clay,
For mansions celestial, and range
Through realms of ineffable day?

My glorious Redeemer! I long
To see thee descend on the cloud,
Amid the bright, numberless throng,
And mix with the triumphing crowd:
Oh! when wilt thou bid me ascend,
To join in thy praises above;
To gaze on thee, world without end,
And feast on thy ravishing love?

Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
Shall ever molest me again:—
Perfection of glory reigns there:

This soul and this body shall shine
In robes of salvation and praise;
And banquet on pleasures divine,
Where God his full beauty displays.

Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey:
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away:
The crown that my Saviour bestows
Yon permanent sun shall outshine:
My joy everlastingly flows—
My God, my Redeemer, is mine!

B. FRANCIS.

Religion mild! in thee is found
A hope, which never can deceive us:
Thy ways with peace and joy abound,
In them is nothing hard or grievous.

Thou canst improve our sweetest joys,
And blunt affliction's sharpest arrow;
Thy hand still beckons to the skies,
Thy voice cries, "Hush'd be ev'ry sorrow!"

DOBBIN.

The Christian in Death.

"To die is gain," though finite thought
Has never grasped the mighty bliss,
Nor eye with gifted vision caught
A glimpse of glory bright as this.

"To die is gain," eternal gain!
A triumph heavenly victors win;
Release from sorrow, guilt, and pain,
The sad inheritance of sin.

It is to lose the drops of earth
Which fetters each ethereal power;
The dawning of a nobler birth,
Perfection's bright and natal hour,

It is rest from foes secure;
No fiery shaft can aim so high;
Nor sinful blandishments allure,
Nor scorn its keener weapons try.

It is to look within the veil,
To join the first-born sons of light;
The spirits of the just to hail,
Like them, in changing faith for sight.

It is to love a holy will,
Where every sacred feeling blends,
And each combining, to fulfil
The purpose sovereign love intends.

It is to view with rapturous gaze
The blest Redeemer, face to face,
And join the ceaseless notes of praise
Resounding to his matchless grace.

How precious in his love below,
Communion held in faith and prayer;
But here, the bliss is mixed with woe,
Which yields unmingled sweetness there.

ANON.

How joyous will that moment be,
When, first from mortal fetters freed,
This drear abode we willing flee,
And soaring swift to bliss we speed!

So strange, so sweet, that change will come,
With wond'ring joy our spirits rise
In glory to that long-lost home
We oft have sought with weeping eyes.

The suff'rer 'mid his dying strife,
Ne'er felt such balm his soul surprise,

When he who call'd him first to life,
From death's chill couch once bid him rise.

Such glowing life, or beauty bright,
Ne'er on the blind fresh vision broke,
When He who said, "Let there be light!"
Again that word in mercy spoke.

'Tis still his voice that bids us rise,
When death's dark shade hath o'er us pass'd;
It is not life but death that dies,
When the thick shroud is round us cast.

Though mortals weep a creature dead,
Yet angels hail a brother born;
The body sinks to night's dark bed,
The spirit hails an endless morn.

ROSY.

What do I hear?—the awful bell doth sound!
Why stand the pallid mourners round?
Why gleams the torch along the silent room?
O death! is it thy voice of fear,
Which, for the last time, strikes mine ear?
I wake upon the borders of the tomb!

And thou, bright ray! O heavenly guest,
Dwelling within this mortal breast,

Scatter these horrors!—death is standing by,
Arise, my soul, and burst thy chains!
Now I cast off all human pains—
Is it, then, *this* to die?

Yea, time hath ceased to count my hours;
Ye messengers from heavenly bowers,
To what bright place bear ye me?
Already in a sea of light
I float; and, like a cloud of night,
Under my feet the earth doth flee.

What sound creeps to my waking ears?
A cry of agony and tears.
Dear fellow pilgrims, mourn me not!
Ye weep! and now my soul above
Resteth beneath the wings of love,
My sighs and watchings all forgot.

LAMARTINE.

Come to my aid, dear Lord, forsake not *now*,
When death's cold hand lies on my chilling brow,
In Jordan's stormy waters see I stand,
Through I must wade, to reach the promis'd land!
Oh lend thine arm, I faint! I fall! I die!
Oh clasp me safely, bear me to the sky!

Dark is the valley, but *beyond* I see
Millions of spirits reigning gloriously;
I hear their harp-notes, see their jewell'd crowns,
Their snowy raiment, and their shining thrones;
Soon shall I meet ye, oh my brethren blest?
One short, sharp conflict, and I sink to rest.

Evil and few my weary days have been,
Opprest with sorrow, all defil'd with sin;
Sin, vile offence! my torture every hour,
Monster, I soon shall pass beyond your power.
Hail, blest release! which shall my spirit sever
From all impurity, and that for ever!

My lov'd resplendent Lord, I see thee now,
Crowns of unfading glory deck thy brow;
Oh let me press through all th' adoring crowd,
In the front rank to sound thy praises loud.
Haste death, thou'rt welcome,—Jesus, at thy call
I fly to meet thee,—my eternal All!

ANON.

Thy triumphs, Faith, we need not take
Alone from the bless'd martyr's stake;
In scenes obscure, no less we see
That faith is a reality.

An evidence of things not seen,
A substance firm whereon to lean.
Go search the cottager's lone room,
The day scarce peeping through the gloom;
The Christian on his dying bed
Unknown, unletter'd, hardly fed;
No flattering witnesses attend,
To tell how glorious was his end;
Save in the book of life, his name
Unheard, he never dreamt of fame.
No human consolation near,
No voice to soothe, no friend to cheer,
Of ev'ry earthly stay bereft,
And nothing —but his Saviour left.
Fast sinking to his kindred dust,
The Word of life is still his trust.
The joy God's promises impart
Lies like a cordial at his heart;
Unshaken faith its strength supplies,
He loves, believes, adores and dies.

H. More.

See you this picture? Such the once bright look
Of that worn aged woman, bending low
O'er the large pages of that holiest book,
With dull fixed eye, and pale lips moving slow.

What earnest find you in that ruined shrine,
Of weary, wasted, poor humanity,
Of the full loveliness so like divine
Of form and face, she wore in days gone by?

Is this the figure, wrought in truest mould,
Whose natural graces owned such power to move!
Is this the brow—the glance—whose mirror told
Nought dwelt within but joy, and truth, and love!

And more than all, is this the mind that drew
Thought, fancy, feeling, from the meanest thing!
And its own mystery of enchantment threw
O'er other hearts, till echoed every string!

This is strange contrast—but such things are,
Bewilder not thy watchful wondering heart;
For I will shew thee contrast deeper far,
And more enduring—yet thou wilt not start.

Amid the spirits of departed worth,
Who now in sainted glory lifted high,
Look down upon the busy fields of earth
From their effulgent chambers in the sky;—

Methinks already, throned in light, I see
That feeble matron's soul to heaven upborne—
A floating seraph, blessed, pure and free,
As golden cloudlet on a summer's morn!

And even when dazzling in her life's best hour,
Bloom on her cheek, and beauty on her brow,
Oh ! was she not a weak and worthless flower,
Compared with all she *is* in glory now !

That form, so peerless once, was but of clay;
That heart, tho' warm, was mortal in its feeling;
But radiant now in heaven's eternal day,
Each moment as it flies is aye revealing.

More and more clear the Spirit's perfect mind,
Whose holy eye our noblest darings *here*
Views but in sorrow, and compassion kind,
And o'er their stain lets fall an angel's tear !

Oh, endless mystery of Almighty Power !
That from the acorn rears the giant tree,
And grants to faith for a triumphant dower,
The crown that never fades—of immortality !

ANON.

Why should *earth* with all its glory,
Fix the fondness of my heart ?
Why should friendship's soothing story,
Make me backward to depart ?
Why should all the charms surrounding,
Hold me captive in their smile ?
Why should worldly goods abounding,
Thus my hours and love beguile ?

Have I not a *heaven* revealed?
Life eternal full in view!
Jesu's love in covenant sealed,
Joys ineffable and new!
Former friendships *there* renewing,
Pleasures pure without a stain,
Tears no more the cheek bedewing,—
All is bliss unmix'd with pain!

SHEPHERD.

Ye angels who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise:
He form'd you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirm'd by his power ye stood.

Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat;
He form'd you the spirits you are,
He ransom'd from death and despair;
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

O! when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong!
I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see!

I want to put on my attire,
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name:
I want—O! I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu;
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you!

MARIE DE FLEURY.

Yes, I shall behold his bright face,
Myself in his brightness shall glow,
And sing to the praise of his grace,
In strains never uttered below:
The harmony sweet shall roll on,
As ages on ages shall run;
And though these long ages have gone,
The chorus is only begun.

And what if my soul sometimes bend,
With sorrows that press on life's hour,
They are but as dews which descend
To wipe off the stain of the flower:
They fit me from soaring on high,
And shake off earth's clogs from my wings;
Then rise spirit, rise to the sky,
And sing as a ransom'd one sings.

COBBIN.

What, when the scenes of earth are faded,
And the young heart's first hopes are riven,
Relumes the hue that earth has shaded?
The Hope of Heaven.

What is the joy that gladness gives,
Refreshing as the dew of even,
When earthly hope no longer lives?
The Hope of Heaven.

It lives through life—in death still lingers,
The best of hopes, to mortals given—
Smiles at the tyrant's icy fingers—
That Hope of Heaven.

The light of life, the "joy of sorrow,"
When darkness o'er the soul is driven—

Care stamps in vain the deepen'd furrow,
In *death* we have the Hope of Heaven.

JAQUES.

When the spark of life is waning,
Weep not for me,
When the languid eye is straining,
Weep not for me.
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,
Start not at its swift decreasing,
'Tis the fetter'd soul's releasing,
Weep not for me.

When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me.
Christ is mine—He cannot fail me,
Weep not for me.
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavour
From his love my soul to sever,
Jesus is my strength for ever;
Weep not for me.

DALE.

Ye objects of sense, and enjoyments of time,
Which oft have delighted my heart,
I soon shall exchange you for views more sublime,
And joys that shall never depart.

Thou lord of the day, and thou queen of the night,
To me shall no longer be known;
I soon shall behold, with increasing delight,
A sun that shall never go down.

Ye wonderful orbs, that astonish my eyes,
Your glories recede from my sight;
I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies,
And stars more transcendently bright.

Ye mountains and vallies, groves, rivers, and plains;
Thou earth, and thou ocean, adieu!
More permanent regions, where righteousness reigns,
Present their bright hills to my view.

My lov'd habitation and garden, adieu!
No longer my footsteps ye greet:
A mansion celestial stands full in my view,
And paradise welcomes my feet.

My weeping relations, my brethren and friends,
Whose souls are entwin'd with my own,
Adieu for the present! my spirits ascends
Where friendship immortal is known.

My cares and my labours, my sickness and pain,
My sorrows are now at an end;

The summit of bliss I shall speedily gain,—
The heights of perfection ascend.

The vale of affliction, my footsteps have trod,
With trembling, with griefs, and with tears,
I joyfully quit, for the mountain of God:
There! there! its bright summit appears.

Thou torturing seat of diseases and pain,
Adieu! my dissolving abode;
Till I shall behold and possess thee again,
A beautiful building of God.

No lurking temptation, defilement, or fear,
Again shall disquiet my breast;
In Jesus' fair image I soon shall appear,
For ever ineffably blest.

My Sabbaths below, that have been my delight,
And thou, the blest Volume divine,
You have guided my footsteps, like stars during night;
Adieu, my conductors benign.

The sun that illumines the regions of light,
Now shines on my eyes from above:
But, oh! how transcendently glorious the sight:
My soul is all wonder and love.

Come, come, my Redeemer, and sweetly release
The soul thou hast bought with thy blood;
And bid me ascend the fair regions of peace,
To feast on the smiles of my God!

B. FRANCIS.

Hallelujah! Praise to God!
Now our earthly path is trod;
Pass'd are all our cares and fears;
Now we quit this vale of tears.
Hallelujah! King of kings!
Now our spirits spread their wings
To the mansions of the blest,
To thine everlasting rest.

MILMAN.

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The Christian in the Grave.

"*When I am dead, then bury me in the sepulchre, wherein the man of God is buried: lay my bones beside his bones.*"—1 Kings xiv. 13.

There is a spot—a lovely spot,
Embossom'd in a valley dell;
The eye of splendour marks it not,
Nor travellers of its beauties tell.

The hazel forms a green bower there,
Beneath, the grassy covering lies;
And forest flowers, surpassing fair,
Mingle their soft and lovely dyes.

Morn decks the spot with many a gem,
And the first break of Eastern ray,
Lights up a spark in each of them,
That seems to hail the opening day

When first that beam of morning breaks,
The fancy here a smile might see,
Like that, when first the saint awakes
At dawn of immortality.

The free birds love to seek the shade,
And here they sing their sweetest lays ;
Meet requiem—he who there is laid,
Breath'd his last dying voice in praise.

And here the villager will stray,
What time his daily work is done,
When evening sheds the western ray
Of sweet departing summer sun.

On lovely lips his name is found,
And simple hearts yet hold him dear,
The PATRIARCH of the village round,
The PASTOR of the chapel near.

The holy cautions that he gave,
The prayer he breath'd, the tears he wept,
Yet linger here, though in his grave,
Through many a year the saint has slept.

And oft the villager has said,
" Oh, I remember when a child,
He plac'd his hand upon my head,
And bless'd me then, and sweetly smil'd.

" 'Twas he that led me to my God,
And taught me to obey his will ;
The holy path which he has trod,
Oh, be it mine to follow still !"

GRAVE OF THE RIGHTEOUS! surely there
The sweetest bloom of beauty is;
Oh, may I sleep in couch as fair,
And with a hope as bright as his!

EDMESTON.

The grave is not a place of rest,
As unbelievers teach;
Where grief can never win a tear,
Nor sorrow ever reach.

The eye that shed the tear is clos'd,
The heaving breast is cold;
But that which suffers and enjoys,
No narrow grave can hold.

The mould'ring earth, and hungry worm,
The dust they lent may claim;
But the enduring spirit lives
Eternally the same.

CAROLINE FRY.

Lightly tread! 'tis hallowed ground;
Parted saints are resting round;
And above their sacred sleep,
Angel bands their vigils keep.

Low as theirs, among the dead,
Soon shall rest thy weary head;
And thy pillow of repose,
Free as their's from human woes.

ANON.

No sight of human form here meets my eye,
Nor sound of kindly greeting strikes my ear,
And yet, these sleeping tenants lying here,
Once thought, and felt, and sinn'd, as well as I.

Worldlings would call this place a spot of gloom,
But Christian pilgrims love to linger where
They hope to find a rest from every care,
In the sweet, solemn silence of the tomb.

For ever precious, in thy holy sight,
Dear Lord, are those who in thee sweetly sleep:
Thou wilt their slumbering dust in safety keep,
Until they rise, in robes of glorious light.

Then, when the trump shall sound, from shore to shore,
And God's almighty wrath destroy the land,
The soul of man, amidst the wreck shall stand,
When time, and earth, and sin shall be no more.

And those who sleep in Jesus, first shall come,
But trembling sinners too, must meet their doom;
And when alas! they are consign'd to gloom,
Jesus will gather all his children home.

ANON.

Christ watches o'er the embers
Of all his faithful dead;
There's life for all the members
In Him the living head.
Their dust he weighs and measures,
Their every atom treasures.

He once, a victor bleeding,
Slew Death, destroyed the grave,
Now throned, yet interceding,
He lives thy soul to save.
He comes, O day of wonder!
The graves are rent asunder.

But, oh, that vast transition!
How shall a creature dare
Gaze on the awful vision,
To find a Saviour there?
They whom he designs to cherish
Shall never, never perish.

His mercy shall prevent them,
His righteousness invest;
He shall himself present them
Before the Father, drest
In robes of spotless whiteness,
All beauty, joy, and brightness.

CONDER.

O welcome, thrice welcome the peace of the grave;
There is balm in its silence and gloom,
For the weary and worn, and monarch and slave,
For the pilgrim of age, and youth in its bloom.

There is rest for the frame of mortality there,
And the spirit that dies not finds freedom at last,
From the guile of the world and its withering care,
When the bounds of the tomb it has joyfully past.

And beyond the dark scene which futurity shades,
Truth points to a heav'n of glory and love,
Where the soul shall ascend, when life's vision fades,
To join in the choir of blest spirits above.

ANON.

Religion! harbinger of good to men,
Inspired of Heaven to visit earth,
With healing on thy wings! and then
Conduct us where thou hadst thy birth,—
O were it not for thy sweet voice,
Which steals amidst our griefs to say—
When death takes that wherein we most rejoice,
And those we love become the earth-worm's prey—
"They are not gone for ever!
They are but risen
Where death no ties can sever—
Above their earthly prison!"
But for this charmer—only this—
How dark our pilgrimage would be:
Believing this—man soars to Deity!

ANON.

The Christian in Heaven.

Where is thy home?—not where thy soul
Is joyous o'er the ruddy bowl,
Where harp and viol thro' the day,
And down at night keep care at bay.
O heir of a most glorious sphere,
Look farther still—it is not here.

Where is thy home?—not where thy breast
With cold is numb'd, with hunger prest,
Nor day brings ease, nor night repose,
Morn opes with toils, eve shuts with woes.
O heir of a more glorious sphere,
Look farther still—it is not here.

Where is thy home?—not where all ranges,
Threading a thousand dismal changes;
Where young, grows old, and long, grows brief,
Friend turns to foe, and joy to grief.
Oh heir of a more glorious sphere,
Look farther still—it is no there.

Where is thy home?—not where thy heart
Hears earth's impatient cry "depart,"
And all her shapes each moment say,
"Thou art a stranger; hence away!"
O heir of a most glorious sphere,
Look farther still—it is not here.

Where is thy home?—where tear and groan,
And change and crime are names unknown,
Where wisdom, pureness, bliss, are one,
And thou, no longer guest, art son.
O heir of an undying sphere,
No farther look—thy home is here.

EVANS.

There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'rers given;
There is a tear for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven!

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven!

G

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven!

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
The heart of anguish riven;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven!

The fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven!

ANON.

There is a pure and peaceful wave,
That rolls around the throne of love,
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The peaceful shores above.

While streams which on that tide depend,
Steal from the heavenly shores away,
And on this desert world descend,
O'er weary limbs to stray.

The pilgrim faint, and nigh to shrink
Beneath his load of earthly woe,
Refresh'd beside their verdant brink,
Rejoices in their flow.

There, oh! my soul, do thou repair,
And hover o'er the hallow'd spring,
To drink the crystal wave, and there
To lave thy wearied wing.

There droop that wing, when far it flies
From human care, and toil, and strife,
And feed by those still streams that rise
Beneath the Tree of Life.

It may be that the waft of love
Some leaves on that pure tide hath driv'n,
Which passing from the shores above,
Have floated down from heav'n;

So shall thy wounds and woes be heal'd
By the blest virtue that they bring?
So thy parch'd lips shall be unseal'd,
Thy Saviour's praise to sing.

ANON.

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